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THE PILOT GOING ON BOARD.—Drawn by Al. Hencke.—[See Page 510.]

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THE STATE DEMOCRACY.

On another page we publish a paper by Mr. George Walton Green on the new Democratic organization called the State Democracy, the causes which called it into being, and the objects it aims at. It sprung from an uprising of honest and patriotic Democrats against the tyranny and corruption of machine leadership, and its purpose is to relieve the Democratic party of the State of New York of the despotism which has demoralized and disgraced it, to reorganize it upon the truly Democratic basis of majority rule, and to make it a genuine people's party. This is all most laudable, and entitled to the sympathy of every good citizen. There is no doubt that this movement can accomplish much good, not only as to the politics of this State, but as to the political situation in the country at large, if its leaders take a broad view of its opportunities and employ the right means to improve them. In other words, the overthrow of the Hill machine in this State and of Tammany Hall in this city is a very desirable thing in itself. But the manner of accomplishing this overthrow may be such as to limit the benefit of the result substantially to the boundaries of this State, or it may be such as to go far in satisfying a great national want.

No candid observer of passing events will deny that both of the great political parties in this country are under the influence of powerful pecuniary interests. These interests made the Republican party, when it was in control of the government, enact the McKinley tariff; and no sooner had the popular uprising against the McKinley tariff put the Democratic party in power when the same interests swayed a sufficient number of its leading men in official position against the very purpose which the Democrats stand solemnly pledged to serve. It is a melancholy truth that at the present moment the Democratic party stands considerably lower in popular estimation than the Republican, for the simple reason that the Republican party, although abjectly under the control of the protected industries, is at least frankly so, and maintains its position with marked ability, while some leading men among the Democrats in part seek in a treacherous, furtive way to defeat the main purpose for the accomplishment of which the party was put in power, and most of those who remain true to that purpose display a pitiable imbecility in upholding it. Even if the thinly disguised McKinley tariff concocted by so-called Democrats in the Senate should, in conference committee, be turned into something more like a tariff-reform measure, the now prevalent feeling of distrust and disgust with regard to the Democratic party will hardly be much appeased. The thought that the present Democratic party, not only in New York, but also elsewhere, is no longer a fit instrument for the carrying out of necessary reforms will continue widely to prevail. And this impression is strengthened by the wretched cowardice of Democratic leaders in the West and South, in the face of the financial idiocies rampant there, as well as by the deplorable concessions made to Democratic spoilsmen by a Democratic administration sailing under the flag of reform.

What the country needs most under such circumstances, to preserve it from utter political demoralization, is a party inspiring the popular mind with the belief that it is uncontrolled by external influences, and has the courage of its professions as well as the ability to carry them into effect. The State Democracy has been brought into existence by so worthy an impulse, and it is, as to its leadership and rank and file, composed of elements so excellent, that it might become the nucleus of such a party for the whole country. To accomplish this it would have to cut loose from the old organization in this State so boldly and thoroughly that a compromise between them could not be thought of; to announce its platform—tariff reform, administrative reform, and a sound currency—in the most unequivocal terms, and to call upon all good citizens, without regard to former party affiliation, to join it. Such an organization would soon become the rallying-point not only for Democrats devoted to true Democratic principles and opposed to machine rule, but for independents, and for Republicans, too, who are dissatisfied with the subserviency of their party to the protected interests, as well as with the despotic and corrupt leadership controlling here and there its organization. And of such Republicans there are many. Thus the State Democracy might start a movement satisfying the longing of a large number of our most public-spirited citizens for a new party, and that movement, if well set going here, would easily spread from this State to others.

Whether the State Democracy will be able to fulfil so important a mission will mainly depend upon the degree of its freedom from affiliation with the influences which at present make the Democratic party odious. And it could not demonstrate this freedom in a more decisive and convincing way than by proceeding with bold independence, holding its State Convention, proclaiming its platform, and making its nominations in advance of the so-called regular organization, while uniting its forces in this city with the municipal reform movement already going on to overthrow Tammany. If the State Democracy courageously assumed such an attitude it would command the hearty and active support not only of its sympathizers in the Democratic ranks, but of a very strong independent element outside.

We observe, not without misgiving, that the plan of campaign of the State Democracy, as recently promulgated by its most prominent leader, Mr. Charles E. Fairchild, falls short of this standard in an important point. Mr. Fairchild is a gentleman entitled to absolute confidence as to his good faith and his purposes. When he says that the State Democracy can be depended upon to oppose Tammany in our municipal elections, even if Tammany should resort to the old trick of nominating for the Mayoralty or other places respectable citizens not heretofore identified with the organization, we take it for granted that it will be so. This is well. But as to the country districts, Mr. Fairchild says, "the anti-machine Democrats could not safely or successfully undertake to organize in each county duplicate and antagonistic committees. This would only serve hopelessly to divide and weaken the party. In those counties the struggle must, therefore, be carried on within the party organization by contests at the primaries or caucuses at which committees and delegates are chosen." Mr. Fairchild expresses a confident hope that this struggle "within the party organization" will result in turning over the control of the Democratic State Convention to the State Democracy, and that thus the object of the movement will be accomplished. We must confess that we hesitate to share this hope.

On the plan proposed the State Democracy may succeed or it may fail in obtaining control of the State Convention and temporary mastery of the party organization; but even if it succeeds in this, it may yet fail to reach its real aim. If it recoils from "dividing and weakening the party," if it has not the courage to hold aloft its standard at the open risk of a party defeat, if its policy is to keep the elements at present composing the party together, and to make any concession whatever for the sake of "harmony," the battle for the higher objects of the State Democracy will be in danger of being lost before it is fought. The desire of "harmony" for immediate success is the rock on which such movements are most apt to suffer shipwreck. The slightest concession made to secure the support of bad political elements will be followed by greater concessions far beyond the original intention. The virtuous reformers of the State Democracy are no match for men of the Hill school at that sort of game. Sitting together with the machine men in a State convention, the reformers may spurn the idea of supporting a candidate "standing aloof from all party dissensions" if offered by the machine—a thing already spoken of; but the offer of such an inoffensive candidate by themselves for the sake of harmony might appear to them quite plausible.. And yet the ultimate result would be the same. The moment the State Democracy forgets that its moral strength is infinitely more important than its numerical strength at the start, its vitality will depart. And then another great opportunity would be lost.

THE DEMOCRATIC FAILURE.

The Democratic party has had its trial and has failed. It has been placed in control of the Federal government, and it has demonstrated its incapacity to carry out its pledges. It is the habit of its present leaders to attribute the overwhelming indignation of the people against it to the hard times. They are only partly correct. It is true that the condition of the Treasury is due to Republican extravagance and tariff legislation, and that the Sherman law was a Republican measure; but the Democratic party cannot escape its share of responsibility for extravagance, while its responsibility for silver agitation and currency follies is much greater than that of the Republicans. And now that it has an opportunity to remedy the wrongs of McKinleyism it is at the mercy of McKinleyites in its own ranks.

It is impossible, without an open revolt in the party, for the Democratic organization as it now exists to pass a tariff bill that will satisfy the great majorities of 1890 and 1892 in favor of a substantial reduction of custom-house taxation. As matters stand, those majorities were obtained under false pretences. Democratic Senators who acquiesced in the party platforms, who silently or openly assented to their declarations, now insist that the party shall not change the principle on which the McKinley bill was framed; that tariff taxes shall continue to be levied for special interests. Even the Wilson bill was a weak production judged by the proclamation of the Chicago platform, while the bill finally produced to the Senate is a surrender of principle.

The House of Representatives has the power and perhaps the inclination to prevent the final passage of this measure. If the defeat of the Gorman bill is accomplished, it will indicate that the professions of the platform have some significance to some Democrats; but the party cannot regain the confidence of the people until a rebellion and a revolution occur in its organization. When it next presents itself to the voters it will be burdened with Republican sins unlightened by Republican virtues. Unless there is a change in public sentiment that is not to be expected, it will lose control of the House of Representatives in the coming Congressional elections. The country does not want two protective parties, and the voters have declared that protective taxes are too high. If the Democratic party will not respond to the demand for a reduction of duties, for a tariff law that shall be made in the interest of the consumers, some other party must take its place. It is now under the control of men against whose principles and policy the people supposed they were voting in 1890 and 1892.

It is probably true that the mass of the Democratic party and most of its leaders are sincere and earnest tariff-reformers. It is possible that sound money views may eventually dominate in the organization, for there are abundant signs that the currency problem will once again work itself out. There is hope for a rational change in the wildest silver man when Mr. Bland abandons his demand for the maintenance of the ratio of 16 to 1, and announces that he is not a silver monometallist. It is certain that Tammany and its corruptions are hateful to all but a small minority of the party. First of all, however, the party must rid itself of its protectionist leaders. Gorman, Hill, Brice, and all who believe as they do must be deposed. It is as a tariff-reform party that the Democrats came into power. If the House accepts a protection measure it will show that the party means nothing, and what it needs is a demonstration that there are among its leaders tariff-reformers who are too sincere to be betrayed into an abandonment of their principles for the purpose of passing a measure that only pretends to be different from the McKinley act.

There are evidences that the rank and file of the Democratic party are ready to make an immediate sacrifice in order to insure a future and a real success. Mass-meetings have been held in this city under the auspices of the Reform, the Manhattan, and the Manhattan Single Tax clubs, at which resolutions were adopted insisting on the immediate passage of a tariff bill. The Single Tax Club's resolutions went further than those of the others. They denounced the treachery of the Democratic Senators, and Mr. Henry George, one of the speakers, declared that the Senate bill was as bad as the McKinley act, and that rather than assent to the passage of such a bill the single tax men would prefer the retention of the McKinley law. It is true that this was a meeting of free-traders, but they are among the people who were deceived into voting for Mr. Cleveland and Democratic Congressmen in the expectation that the country would obtain tariff reform through Democratic success. In York, Pennsylvania, the Democratic Club has sent to Congress an address prepared and moved by the Hon. Chauncey F. Black, calling for immediate action, and for the passage of a real revenue measure.

The indications of a Democratic uprising against Democratic Senators are numerous and significant, but it is not likely that the country will trust the party on its uprisings. Something more is required. Its conventions and its newspaper organs have spoken brave words before, but brave words in platforms and editorials do not overcome the votes of Democratic Senators or Representatives in Congress, nor have they prevailed against the leadership of men whose own pecuniary interests are identical with those of the men who dictated the McKinley act. The party must deliberately and expressly exclude from its leadership, and from its membership so far as that is possible, the Senators who have stood in the way of the fulfilment of its promises to the country. Before it can be trusted again it must purge itself of its flagrant contempt of the people. New men must lead it. All its Randallism must be driven out of its councils. Mr. Hill, Mr. Gorman, Mr. Brice, Mr. Smith, and their fellows in and out of the Senate must be made to know that they and their principles are no longer Democratic. More than that, the country must be made to realize that this regeneration has been effected, for it will never again trust a party that is led by the men who have changed the Democratic victories of 1890 and 1892 into a sad defeat both for the party and the nation.

POLITICS AND STATESMANSHIP.

THE words politics and statesmanship ought to be synonymous, but they are drifting apart in meaning much too fast for the good of the country. A convention to frame a Constitution for the greatest and richest commonwealth in America ought to embody the highest statesmanship of the age, but the Constitutional Convention of New York, now sitting at Albany, seems to have been organized wholly in the spirit of that pinchbeck imitation of statesmanship which is commonly called politics. The leaders of the Democratic party disgusted their most patriotic voters last year by an extraordinary exhibition of folly and weakness, and the Republicans, a minority party in the State, gained an unexpected victory in the election at which the delegates were chosen. They have used their power to dictate by a caucus the organization of the Convention, so that every officer, and the chairman and a majority of every committee, are taken from their own number. If the Convention shall continue and complete its work in the same spirit, it will be condemned by public opinion and rejected by the people.

The result is inevitable, not because it is possible to embody in the fundamental law of the State the distinctive principles of the Republican party, nor even because there is great danger that any party could so frame the Constitution as to secure unfair and important advantages over its opponents. But the control of such a Convention by a party organization is well understood to mean its control by a few bosses, who represent not the welfare of the people at large, but particular interests which are always on the watch to gain and to retain privileges or powers inconsistent with that welfare. The great questions to be determined in drafting the supreme law of the State are the distribution of political power, the restrictions upon executive and legislative discretion, the organization of municipal governments, the construction of the judicial hierarchy, the method of regulating and superintending corporate enterprise, and some others, in each of which the interests of the commonwealth at large are widely different from the interests of particular classes, institutions, and corporations. But these bodies of men, which might gain immense privileges and immunities at the expense of the people by seemingly minute and unimportant modifications of constitutional clauses, are the powers which control the party bosses and the party organizations. No such organization can be trusted with any share of the work. Its appearance as an important element in the conduct of the Convention is enough to throw suspicion upon its entire project in advance.

There is no excuse, even from the point of view of the narrowest partisanship, for recognizing the division of citizens into Republicans and Democrats, either in selecting the delegates or in designating their places upon committees. These parties are divided upon questions of national policy, and there is not a principle of State administration which has any relation to the distinction between them. The tendency of their organizations in State politics is always to become mere conspiracies to obtain spoils; or, what is worse, to sell legislative and administrative favors in exchange for contributions of money or votes. Their close connection with the national party organizations, for whose larger field of ambition they serve as training-schools, is an influence which helps to save them, in the ordinary course of the State's business, from utter degradation. The very fact that each party, in asking the people to intrust it with the State government, must formulate a platform of principles or policy, which it pledges itself, if successful, to carry out, is a serious check upon its managers when they obtain power. But a party organization which enters on the control of a Constitutional Convention is under no definite pledges, bound by no platform, guided by no fixed principles, directed by no popular mandate. It is simply a private confederacy, accidentally enabled for the moment to traffic the supreme law of the State with the holders of enormous and concentrated interests.

We must not be understood as asserting, or even suspecting, that the organization of the Convention has been dictated by such a conspiracy. The character of its officers forbids such a belief, and several of its most important committees are of exceptional ability and worth. But the introduction of a partisanship which has no proper relation to the work of the Convention, and the construction of its machinery under the direction of a party caucus, involve a sacrifice of the best safeguards against its perversion to private uses. It is imperatively necessary that public opinion stamp this violation of principle with its stern disapproval, and demand that the recognition of party organizations and connections in the Convention end at once. Let the caucus disappear; let the boss be unheard and unconsulted; let every member of the Convention have free and full opportunity to contribute all his resources of intellect and patriotism to its work, regardless of his party associations; let every question be considered and decided solely with a view to the general welfare—in short, let politics give way to statesmanship. The people and the press may yet compel the delegates to adopt this course, and thus, and only thus, can the work of the Convention become worthy of the Empire State, and of the closing years of this century.

GOVERNOR FLOWER.

IN its issue of October 24, 1891, the WEEKLY, speaking of Mr. FLOWER, then the candidate for the office he now holds, said this: "Politically he has no individual force or significance. He has been most scornfully described by those who now support him, and except for his large fortune, nobody would assert that he would have been sent to Congress or nominated for the Governorship. The real forces behind him are Governor HILL and Mr. CROKER, the liquor interest, and the Tammany power—the power which could send and intended to send SCANNELL to Congress, and refrained only lest it should embarrass its larger and more important designs."

Governor FLOWER is now in the last year of his term, and this extract from the WEEKLY of nearly three years ago is fulfilled and verified. No Governor of New York has done so much as he to disgrace the State. From his entrance into office until now, when the ink on his last veto message is hardly dry, he has had "no individual force or significance." He has been the object of the scorn of those who nominated and controlled him. He has been the puppet and slave of Mr. HILL and Mr. CROKER, of the power that intended to nominate SCANNELL for Congress, but that appointed him a Fire Commissioner when it was compelled to refrain from its first design lest it should embarrass those which it considered larger and more important.

At the beginning of his term Governor FLOWER was forced to appoint Governor HILL'S private secretary as his own. The master thus kept in daily contact with him. When the occasion has been of sufficient importance, the master has been summoned from Washington, and exercised his power at Albany. Senators HILL and MURPHY bade the Governor dismiss from the service of the State CLEVELAND Democrats and Democrats who had been faithful to the national ticket, and the Governor obeyed. He accepted Mr. HILL'S view of the constitutionality of the blanket ballot and the paster, against the opinion of eminent lawyers, upon whose judgment he relied so long as it appeared to coincide with that of his mentor. He has obeyed the commands of Tammany in all matters relating to New York with the exception of the Sheriff's bill, and his sanction of that measure was characteristic of Senator HILL, who has always acted as though he believes that popular favor is the cheapest commodity in the political market. His veto of the bipartisan police commission bill was based on thoroughly Tammany grounds. He enabled the good citizens of Kings County to punish MCKANE, because the machine has always stood in fear of the independent spirit of Brooklyn; but he shielded MURPHY and his ruffians in Troy even to the point of risking the escape of the murderer of Ross. His veto messages have been the vulgar scoldings of an angry partisan. He has lectured the majority of the Legislature, and has even intimated that Senators were capable of bribery. This insinuation was his pretence for protecting the Police Commissioners of this city from the investigation of the LEXOW committee.

It was long the tradition of both parties that their greatest men were chosen for the office of Governor. WRIGHT, MARCY, TILDEN, ROBINSON, and CLEVELAND were Governors of whom the Democratic party has a right to be proud. Even HOFFMAN was a man of high ability, although his ambition made him the tool of TWEED. When Mr. HILL was nominated the party turned its back upon its traditions, and selected for the Governorship a small, intriguing, self-seeking politician. But Governor FLOWER is more of a disgrace to the State than Mr. HILL, for he is a puppet of the machine, an obedient servant of the criminal organization that through him rules the State. As the WEEKLY predicted, his election was "the triumph of Tammany Hall." He has not only been the Governor of the political slums, but he has been their unquestioning slave. It is sometimes whispered that he has chafed under the tyranny that has bound him down, of the espionage that has sat with him in the Executive Chamber, guarded him from private interviews with enemies of his masters, and dogged his footsteps. If he has twinges of conscience, or revelations of his contemptible position, his lack of courage to break his bonds, and his evident willingness to wear them for another term, make his Governorship all the more disgraceful to himself and the State. There is no fear, however, that his ambition will be gratified. The people have had enough of him and his masters.

THE FUTURE METROPOLIS.

HOWEVER long it may be before the detached segments of the community that has been so long growing up about the beautiful bay of New York and its connecting waters shall be brought into organic unity as one great municipality, there can be no doubt that the tendency toward coalescence is irresistible. It cannot be stopped or greatly retarded, because it is a product of life, and not of law, and in the end the unity of the community will have to be fully accepted.

The consolidation movement which looks to uniting Manhattan and Staten islands, the western end of Long Island, and the adjacent territory on the East and Harlem rivers excites visions of the great metropolis to be on this imperial site—the gateway of the western continent looking to the open side of the Old World.

The streams that bisect European capitals are of moderate width, and the parted sections of the cities are connected by bridges that humiliate navigation. The stream that will divide our metropolis is an arm of the sea that reaches through the bay to open its way to the Sound, and the bridges that are to span it will form an imperial arcade for an unimpeded commerce.

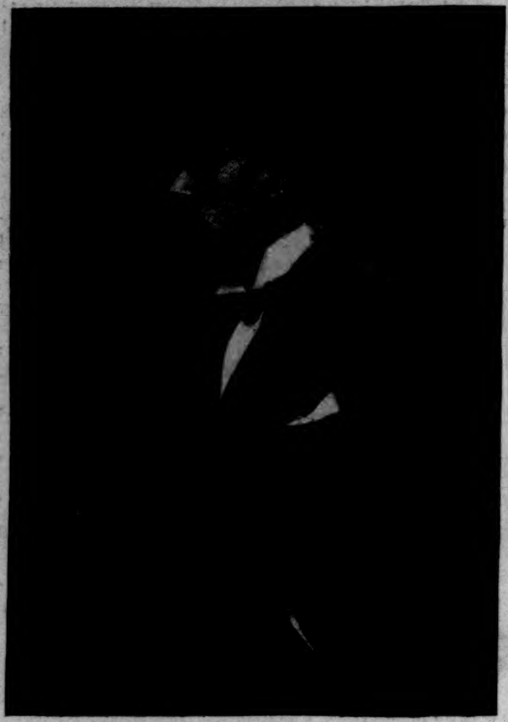
The seeds of this metropolis of the future were planted in spots—at the Battery, at Old Greenwich, at Bloomingdale, at Harlem, across the river on Long Island, across the bay on Staten Island. The patches of vigorous life have spread and grown together, until only the river and the bay divide the luxuriant field, and the devices of man will reduce these barriers to insignificance. The one great bridge over the East River drew New York and Brooklyn together, until they almost seemed to touch and feel each other's throbs. Other bridges will incorporate them into one, and their pulsations will mingle without impediment.

Staten Island must always be rather a garden spot, a stately front yard to the emporium across the bay, than part and parcel of its bustling area; but it is so situated that it cannot maintain a separate life. Close as it is to the Jersey shore, it takes no life or character from that side. It belongs to New York, and the circulation of its vital system already connects with that of the metropolis. The material connection will be closer too, and when one or more great bridges shall span the Hudson, why may it not be that engineering boldness shall even throw across the Narrows a connecting arch of communication, a colossal gateway between the inner and outer bays, completing the circle of ligatures that shall bind together the parts of one civic body? As the blending process goes on to completion under the resistless vitality now throbbing and expanding in vigorous growth, who shall picture the final product in the centuries to come?

"PERLYCROSS."

AN American story-writer has written an amusing story about the difficulties that beset the composer of a too successful story, and how editors and publishers and public seem to conspire to belittle and disparage the work he does thereafter because it does not reach his highest flight. Mr. BLACKMORE has furnished a practical exemplification of Mr. STOCKTON'S whimsical notion. Having had the fortune to compose one of the few great novels of the English language, he must often since have had occasion to doubt whether it was not a misfortune to begin with a classic. *Lorna Doone* was born a classic, so to speak, and has been the occasion for twenty years or so not only of attracting readers innumerable and going through many and various editions, but of attracting pilgrims and illustrators and commentators also, and of bringing to the innkeepers of Exmoor revenues such as the Scottish publicans have for three-quarters of a century been owing to the genius of Sir WALTER SCOTT. It was quite inevitable that his subsequent performances should be judged by their so signally successful predecessor. That Mr. BLACKMORE would have been a great novelist if he had not written *Lorna Doone* at all is a thesis that many of his readers are prepared to maintain, but that perhaps still more of them, especially those who have read only *Lorna Doone*, may find some difficulty in accepting.

No judicious reader of Mr. BLACKMORE'S latest novel will be disposed to deny this truth. Indeed, *Perlycross* would quite suffice to make a shining and solid reputation if it were a first book. Comparisons are odious, and especially comparisons with *Lorna Doone;* surely there are very few English novelists, past or present, to whom we owe so delightful a romance as Mr. BLACKMORE'S latest. One must use the word romance with reference to all his productions, of which it denotes the character much more specifically than the word novel. In *Perlycross* he adheres, or returns, to his own familiar scene. It is again the "Devonian stratum" that he lays bare for us, with his old lightness of hand and witchery of style, but it is no more than in *Lorna Doone* the contemporaneous and commonplace Devonshire peasant that is exhibited to us, but the Devonshire peasant transmuted by the romancer's art into something rich and strange. *Perlycross* might properly bear the second title of *Waverley*, for "'tis sixty years since" its events are feigned to have been transacted. It is a chronicle of a Devonshire village in 1835, and, to the reader's sense, of all that went on in the village, giving thus that sense of the history of a whole community that is perhaps more frequent in Mr. HARDY'S art than in Mr. BLACKMORE'S. Although by its foreground of two generations far enough removed to be secure from realism, the story wears a remarkable air of reality. The scene is really peopled by the characters, and the fulness and completeness with which they are individualized and presented of itself constitutes a triumph of the literary art. It must be a specially shrewd and observant traveller who could derive from an actual sojourn of months in a Devonshire village so complete a notion of his surroundings as an ordinarily observant reader cannot help derive from these pages. They are suffused throughout with the glamour of Mr. BLACKMORE'S style, which nobody needs to be told is more capable of imparting a glamour than that of almost anybody else at present writing fiction in the English language. *Perlycross* must be commended, and commends itself, as one of the most memorable and one of the most delightful of recent novels.



I. ZANGWILL,
The Author of "The Master."

I. ZANGWILL.

DRAMATIST AND NOVELIST.

Some few years ago there was a weekly society paper which offered largess to literary aspirants who should write the best stories and poems. After a few weeks, however, the competitions resolved themselves into a select half-dozen competitors, who carried everything before them, whilst a long string of outsiders vainly called for a handicapper to equalize matters and give them a chance. I. Zangwill, Eden Phillpotts, and (in all modesty) the present writer generally got within the charmed circle. We met in after-years, curiously enough, at Jerome K. Jerome's charming flat in Chelsea. "How," said Eden Phillpotts, "I used to want to strangle you fellows, and tried to console myself by imagining that you were mere editorial fictions, phantasmal creations, and not realities!" Of course we immediately fraternized, and sat into the small hours exchanging notes. From that time my acquaintance with one of the most brilliant men of letters of our day commenced, and rapidly ripened into friendship.

The world by this time is pretty well acquainted with the story of Zangwill's early struggles as the harassed pupil-teacher of an elementary school, whilst he worked hard in the evenings for his degree at the London University, which he took at twenty with triple honors. His first poem was published by a fellow-teacher. In order to decrease the expenses of bringing it out, the fellow-teacher determined to act as amateur bill-poster and placard the town. He sallied forth, armed with posters and a paste-pot, and was promptly arrested by that discourager of literary genius the British policeman. The upshot of the affair was that Zangwill was given the option of expulsion or of publishing nothing which had not passed the censorship of the School Committee. He chose the latter, but left off publishing. Some years later his desire to improve the tone of the school brought him into collision with the authorities, and he resigned an excellent salary and fared forth into literature, penniless, bearing with him the political satire *The Premier and the Painter*, which is now in the third edition, and is equally overwhelming by reason of its length and brilliancy. But the first book which called attention to the young author was *The Bachelors' Club*, a work which jumped Zangwill into the front rank of living humorists. Meantime Zangwill edited a comic journal, *Ariel*, which was distinctly above the heads of ordinary readers in its mordant satire and biting wit. When *Ariel* ceased to appear (I fancy the "business management" scarcely equalled the editing), Zangwill was already at work on *The Old Maids' Club*, a pendant to *The Bachelors' Club*. After a short interval came *The Children of the Ghetto*, a work which has deposed *Daniel Deronda* as regards the Jew in fiction, *Merely Mary Ann*, a rather bold study, *The Big Bow Mystery*, a sensational murder story, written from day to day as it appeared in the columns of a morning paper, *The King of Schnorrers*, which first appeared in *The Idler*, and has been republished by Heinemann, and *Ghetto Tragedies*, a little book of short stories before which his last detractors surrendered, though they consoled themselves by tracing the effect of their advice upon the formation of the young author's style.

As a matter of fact, most of the stories had been published some two or three years before. The little book was published at a shilling (twenty-five cents). In England a curious custom obtains among publishers of publishing a book at a shilling, say, and then the retail booksellers dispose of it for ninepence (about eighteen cents). In order to break through this somewhat senseless custom, the publishers of *Ghetto Tragedies* determined to charge the full price of a shilling. Zangwill came in to see me one morning. "What do you think I did just now?" he asked, in his quiet way, but with a lurking gleam in his usually impassive eyes. "I went into a bookseller's for a copy of *Ghetto Tragedies*, which I had promised to give a man, and laid down ninepence for it. The man demanded a shilling. I told him it was a swindle, and was about to walk out of the shop, when I remembered that it was my own book about which we had been chaffering, and that I was responsible in the first instance for suggesting to my publishers that they should break through a senseless custom and charge the proper published price." Mr. Howells, who has been damning English authors generally, has just sent him the kindly message that he ranks the *Ghetto Tragedies* among the very finest work produced in our time.

In person Zangwill bears a striking resemblance to the late Lord Beaconsfield and to Sir John A. Macdonald. Three more dissimilar men would be difficult to find, and yet the manner of all three, curiously enough, is strangely alike—very quiet, very courteous, very impassive unless roused. The late Lord Beaconsfield made occasional epigrams. Zangwill and Whistler the painter are the only two men I ever met whose conversation is one sparkling perennial flow of epigram and paradox. Zangwill, in the most ordinary, quietly colloquial tone, pours out a string of brilliant witticisms, treading so quickly on the heels of one another that the full flavor is sometimes lost. There is a constant strain on the intellect of the listener in his endeavor not to miss anything. His wit is so constant, his satire so keen, that one has not time to analyze how much there is of quality in every sentence. And he is a brilliant speaker at after-dinner orations. Cool, calm, imperturbable, sphinxlike, not to be cried down, not to be deterred from saying anything he wants to say, and gifted with the happiest knack of covering an opponent with confusion, he carries his audience with him. Yet he cares very little for society or fame.

Walk down Fleet Street some bright spring afternoon and see Zangwill come slowly along, peering with short-sighted vision into shop windows with an abstracted air. He usually wears a long black frock-coat, and his raven curls are surmounted by a curious little soft black hat which seems to have as many shapes as a chameleon has hues. He generally carries some MSS. under his arm, is slightly round-shouldered, thin, without a particle of color, stoops a little, and scorns an umbrella in any weather.

But Mr. Zangwill is not all intellect. If he does not wear his heart upon his sleeve, there are many who are conscious of his kindly efforts on their behalf. The curious thing about him is that as a literary force he has only just begun, and is only thirty. He has already succeeded as a dramatist (his front piece, *Six Persons*, having outlived three *pièces de résistance* at the Haymarket), a lecturer and speaker, a writer of *causerie* (his "Without Prejudice" in the *Pall Mall Magazine* is the pillar of Mr. Astor's enterprise), an irresponsible humorist, a sensational story-writer, and a serious novelist. He has written on theology for an English quarterly, is writing an article for the *North American Review*, and intends soon to collect his scattered poems. He says he does all these things merely to give the lie to the popular platitudes about the limitations of authors, and is only leaving the Ghetto (where his chief successes have been won) for the scenes of "The Master" because the critics have said his Jewish work is his best. He wrote to one editor who had offered him a large sum for a short Jewish story that he would not be shut up in the Ghetto. What he will be in another ten years, if he continues to develop at the rate of the last three, passes comprehension. He is unmarried, and lives with his own people at Kilburn. His method of work is to start a book and work at it day and night without cessation until it is finished. Then, after weeks of supreme toil, the book is concluded, and he emerges from the struggle, pale, cavernous-eyed, thin, shrunken, exhausted, looking more like a corpse than a living man. It is a dangerous method of working, but there is nothing to be said. Every man must toil in his own way, and Mr. Zangwill's way is not the way of other men.

G. B. Burgin.

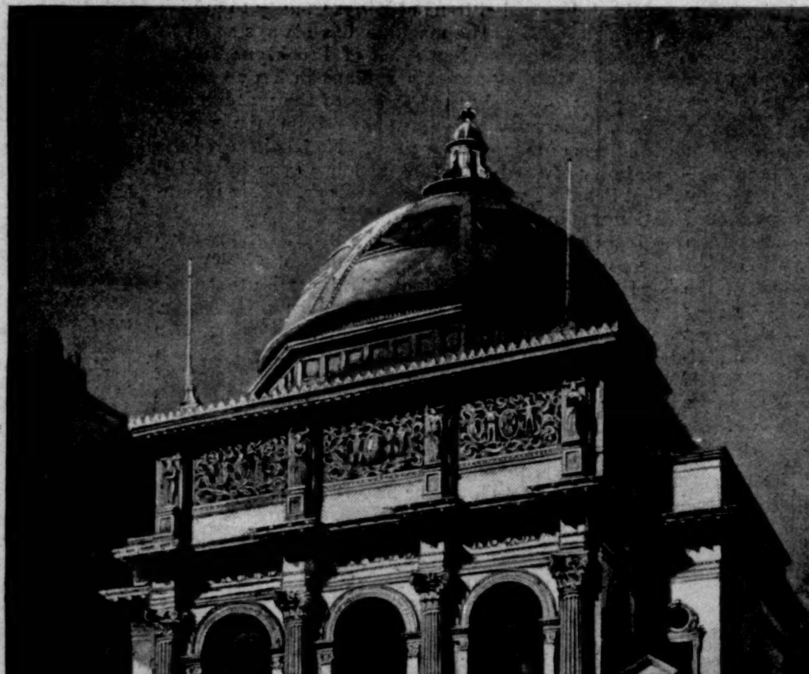
THE NEW YORK CLEARING-HOUSE.

Before the year is out the New York Clearing-house Association is to have an ornate and spacious building, to be erected on the lots extending from 77 to 83 Cedar Street, between Broadway and Nassau Street. The building will be 96 feet front and 85 feet deep, and from the plans submitted by the architect, Mr. Richard W. Gibson, the structure will be one of the most picturesque in New York city. The front is to be of marble or Indiana white limestone, and there is to be a large and sweeping dome. The ground-floor is to be leased to a bank, and the second floor is to be used by the clerical force of the association. This will be known as the administration-room, where Manager William Sherer and Assistant Manager William Gilpin and the corps of clerks are to transact the vast business of this great organization.

The third floor will be for the use of the receiving and delivery clerks of the banks in making their clearances every morning. Above this department will be the great dome. The building committee which has charge of all the plans and arrangements for the new structure comprises Frederick D. Tappen, president of the Gallatin National Bank, J. Edward Simmons, president of the Fourth National Bank, and William A. Nash, president of the Corn Exchange Bank, a State institution. These gentlemen, representing the Clearing-house Association, paid $575,000 for the lots on which the new building is to be erected, and it is proposed to expend about $400,000 on the new edifice, and all the indications are that the members of the association will be in their new home before New-Year's comes around.

The association is now composed of forty-six national banks, eighteen State banks, and the Assistant Treasurer at New York. There are eighty-four banks, trust companies, and so forth, in the city and vicinity not members of the association, which make their exchanges through banks that are members of the association. The association was organized October 11, 1853, and from that time has occupied the upper part of the brownstone building at the corner of Nassau and Pine streets. The association paid a very modest figure for that building, and it has enhanced in value to that extent that the association is now competent to be somewhat extravagant on their new building. Very few persons outside of Wall Street are familiar with the details of the vast business transacted by the association. It is only necessary to say here that the total transactions since the organization of the Clearing-house forty years ago, according to the last report, for the year ending October 1, 1893, were: Exchanges, $1,021,018,593,454 38, or, written out, one trillion, twenty-one billion, eighteen million, five hundred and ninety-three thousand, four hundred and fifty-four dollars, and thirty-eight cents. The balances during that time were $45,981,837,600 20, or, written out, forty-five billion, nine hundred and eighty-one million, eight hundred and thirty-seven thousand, six hundred dollars, and twenty cents. The total transactions, therefore, during this time were one trillion, sixty-seven billion, four hundred and thirty-one thousand, fifty-four dollars, and fifty-eight cents.

During all these years, with all this colossal sum of money passing through the Clearing-house, not one dollar was ever lost or stolen; and this is all the more remarkable when it is recalled that the business has been transacted without the use of safes. To be a little more specific, and to drop the use of Wall Street terms, it may be added that the exchanges represent the checks and drafts presented every morning in those years by the banks in the association for collection from each other. The balances represent the differences which the association has handed out in cash to the banks every afternoon before three o'clock. Before the association was organized the New York banks were compelled to keep a staff of collectors, who went from one bank to another all day long presenting checks and drafts for collection. There were many losses and accidents in those days, but under the system of the Clearing-house Association it is almost beyond possibility that losses or accidents should occur. The system is so simple that a child can quickly understand it. Yet an illustration here will perhaps not be out of place. Take the Gallatin National Bank, for instance, and say that it will send to the Clearing-house Association this morning $300,000 in checks and drafts. One messenger from the Gallatin goes along to convey these checks and drafts, and he is accompanied by another messenger, whose business it is to receive any checks and drafts against the Gallatin. The first messenger hands in the $300,000 in checks and drafts, and at the same time his partner, who is known as the receiving



THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE NEW BUILDING OF THE NEW YORK CLEARING-HOUSE.

clerk, receives all the checks and drafts against the Gallatin, and say that they amount to $350,000. Well, that is a balance of $50,000 against the Gallatin, and President Tappen must send that amount of money to the Clearing-house to-day before three o'clock, and Manager Sherer will distribute it to the rightful owners. Should the Gallatin send the $300,000 in checks and drafts, and find that there are only $200,000 in checks and drafts against the bank, it has a credit at the Clearing-house of $100,000, and this is paid over to it by Mr. Sherer before three o'clock. The association keeps no books in the sense that is generally accepted, as each day's transactions are closed with the day.

The president of the association is George G. Williams, president of the Chemical National Bank; the secretary is Alexander Gilbert, vice-president of the Market and Fulton National Bank.

HON. CLIFTON R. BRECKINRIDGE.

Mr. Breckinridge has moved steadily to the front since he entered the House of Representatives in December, 1883. He was expected to make a mark for himself in public life. He was the son of John C. Breckinridge, once Vice-President, then Democratic candidate for President, then a leader of Confederate armies. Mr. Breckinridge was thirty-seven years old when he became a Congressman, and next November he will be forty-eight. He is a living portrait of his distinguished father transformed into a spectacled German student, a small fair man, quiet, reserved, with a distinctively Southern dignity without offensiveness. Two years later his kinsman, W. C. P. Breckinridge, came into the House from Kentucky. There could not be a greater contrast between two men. It was a contrast between enthusiasm and reflection, between exuberance and self-command. The son of the preacher, who had remained in Kentucky, commanded acclamations; the son of the statesman, who had moved away to Arkansas to build up the family fortunes shattered by the war, commanded confidence. The lawyer was an exhorter; the cotton-planter and merchant was a student.

Mr. Breckinridge lacked seven months of being fifteen when the war began, but he enlisted as a private in the Confederate army, and served through the war. When the war ended he was a midshipman in the Confederate service, and was not nineteen. This service having been rendered to the cause which his father had espoused, and of which he was one of the central and effective personalities, his candidacy for the Presidency and its consequences being the last push that tumbled the nation into the bloody caldron, young Mr. Breckinridge turned his attention to gainful pursuits. Those who know him now are not surprised that "life as a clerk in a commercial house" did not satisfy him. If there was ever a mind destined to studious tasks, to delving into hard problems, and to working its way through mazes of facts and figures to the very bottom for the ultimate thing, it is Mr. Breckinridge's. Therefore, after two years of service in the art of buying and selling, and of writing in an account-book the current history of his employer's pecuniary transactions, the future Congressman betook himself to Washington College, in Virginia, an institution which is now known as Washington and Lee University, and there for three years he was a student; and a very industrious, persevering, and intelligent student he must have been.

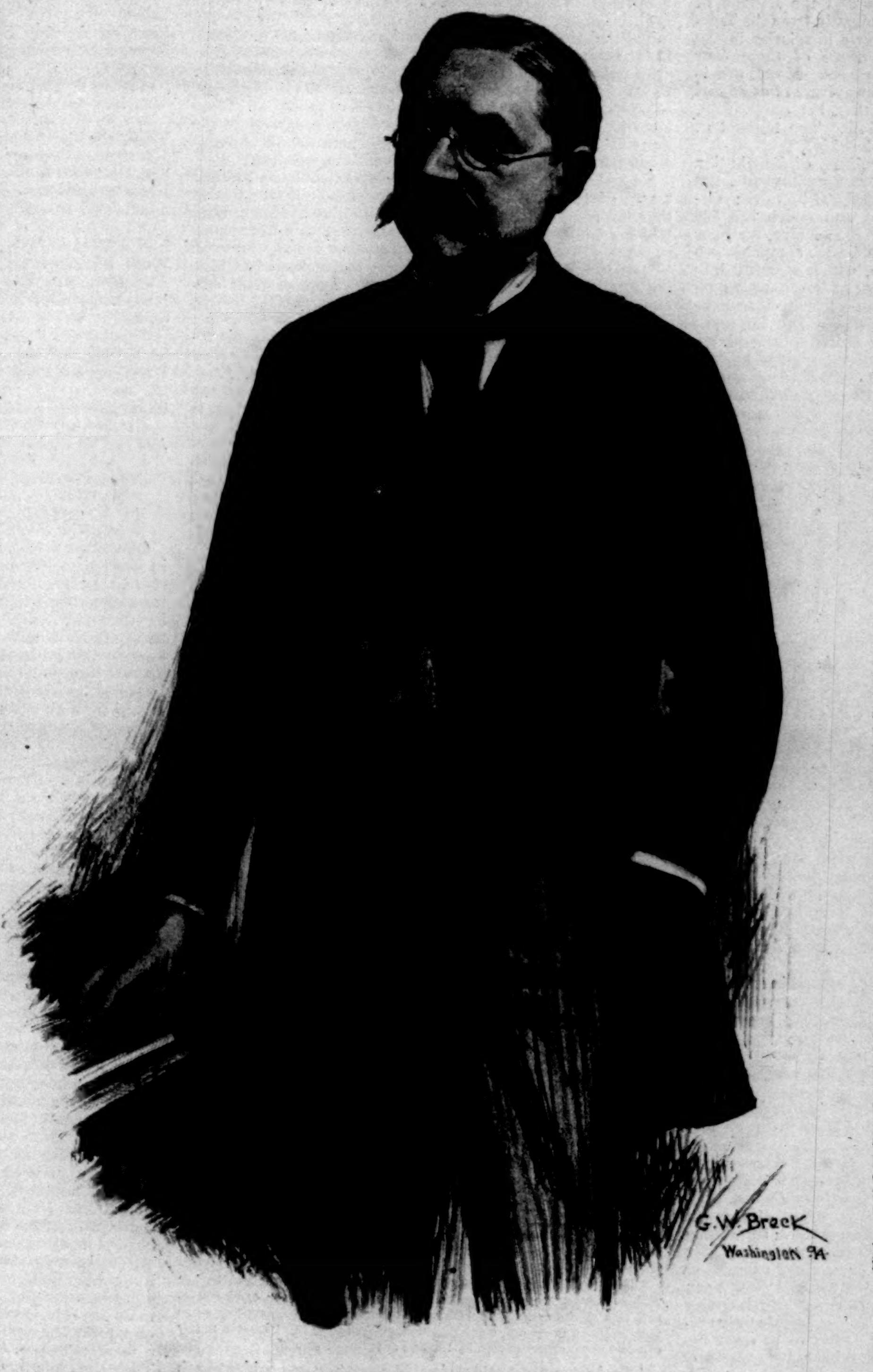
In 1870 he went from college to Arkansas, and became a cotton-planter and a commission merchant. He lived at Pine Bluff, and there for thirteen years he was a respected citizen and merchant. Probably he was fairly prosperous, for he is a careful and prudent man; but fortunes were not made in Arkansas by cotton-planters and commission merchants in those thirteen years, and it is evident that Mr. Breckinridge is not rich. Outwardly his life has no more comforts, certainly no more luxuries, than those enjoyed by a department clerk who is in receipt of from $1200 to $1800 a year. He lives in a small house in an unfashionable quarter of the city. He is educating his children, and he is devoting himself to his public duties. He has rigid Puritanic virtues, industry, economy, and integrity, but he is not afflicted with Puritanic uncharitableness.

Mr. Breckinridge came to Congress in time to take part in the memorable struggle between Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Randall for the Speakership of the Forty-eighth Congress. In some respects that was a sectional contest, but the issue was not between the South and the North, but of the South and West against a small band of protection agents and attorneys in the East, who had remained in the Democratic party to its detriment, and, as events have shown, to its defeat and shame at a moment when the weary fight which had opened auspiciously with the election of Mr. Carlisle to the Speakership seemed to have reached a glorious consummation. In the long struggle Mr. Breckinridge has borne a conspicuous, useful, and most honorable part. The men who stood with William R. Morrison, the leader on the floor when Mr. Carlisle was Speaker—the man who more than any one else personated the cause which triumphed in Mr. Carlisle's election—represent the Democratic spirit as the country has understood it. Mills, William L. Wilson, Clifton R. Breckinridge, Jones of Arkansas, McMillin—these are names which signify something in the struggle for tariff reform; and these are the men whose services have done more for the South than all the oratory, all the reunions of gray and blue, all the arm-and-arm marchings to and fro, all the fraternal sentimentality that the country has witnessed and has sickened of. For these are the men who have made an issue which has brought the South into harmony with practical politics in the North, and that has united Southern and Northern people in an alliance based on a common interest.

Mr. Breckinridge has served his State and his district so well that he is now in his sixth term. It is not the Southern habit to be ungrateful in politics, nor to be so unthrifty as to dispense with the services of a man who has attained distinction in Congress. Mr. Breckinridge is next to Mr. Wilson on the Ways and Means Committee, and has a wide and accurate knowledge of the business of making laws. He is one of the very first men in the House, and his speeches are important contributions to any debate in which he participates. He would honor any constituency in the Union, and his own constituents have shown the traditionary wisdom of their section of the country by keeping in Congress a man who raises their district so far above the average, and makes it a district of mark.

Mr. Breckinridge is a typical American. He is proud, doubtless, of his distinguished father, but he never sat down in the shadow of that pride. He never made drafts for honors on the family reputation. He took up the burdens of life at a very early age, and what he has borne and gained has been by his own strength, his own abilities. He may not be an aggressive man, but when the time comes for him to act or speak he is always a prepared man, without whose store of acquisition some of the dashing leaders would come off badly worsted in a tussle with the enemy. There are few men in Congress who make upon legislation a deeper impression than Mr. Breckinridge does, for there is no man who more thoroughly masters the subject that is given to his charge.

Henry Loomis Nelson.



THE HON. CLIFTON R. BRECKINRIDGE, OF ARKANSAS.

Drawn from Life by George W. Breck.

THE ANTIPHONE.

Professor Scripture, of Yale, has recently suggested that persons who suffer from insomnia may find it worth while to use "antiphones" to shut out disturbing noises at night. The antiphone, it is explained, is not an Edisonian invention, but may be made off-hand when needed by heating a small piece of sealing-wax and inserting it into the external meatus of the ear. Professor Scripture says of his own experience that for four years he has obtained sound sleep by the use of such antiphones, "whereas before their use (and now at any time when they are omitted) comparatively little sleep was to be obtained." As to the exact method of using the antiphone he gives the following directions: "The stick of wax is warmed over the gas flame, and a sufficient quantity is pressed off between the thumb and finger. This is placed in the entrance of the external meatus. In order to make such a fit that no sensations of touch are produced when the head is placed on the pillow, the tragus is placed over it for an instant, and the end of the index finger slightly loosens the top and bottom of the plug in the ear. Each morning the antiphones are thrown away. The selection of wax is a vital matter. Numerous trials have led me to select Denison's Am. Express, No. 2, while in America, and Packet Lac in Germany."

The disturbing influence of noise, particularly in the city, has been so much commented upon, and the restfulness of silence is so axiomatic, that it seems really surprising the antiphone has been so long neglected. Should it prove to others as great a boon as to Professor Scripture, it ought to rival the telephone in popularity, for the ranks of the brain-weary are receiving hourly recruits, and the tired brain longs before all else for the blissfulness of silence while it rests. Nor should the antiphone confine its benefactions to the night. Its field of usefulness may surely be extended to include the day, with its unceasing, nerve-shattering roar. The incessant bombarding of the brain with the vibration of sound is believed by some physicians to be a prominent cause of some of the disproportionate "nervousness" of the residents of cities, while no physician is required to state the case on the score of discomfort. If a contrivance so simple as the antiphone can in any degree mitigate this, it is certainly worthy of a trial.

It must be remembered, however, that man is a vain animal, and that mere merit is not a sure passport to public favor. In order that the antiphone shall receive anything like a fair trial, some leader of fashion must make it "the thing" to go about with aural decorations suggestive of a return to barbaric standards of æsthetics, or else some inventive genius must give us an antiphone combining all the sound-excluding properties of primitive sealing-wax with a fair measure of cosmetic attractiveness. The perfected antiphone, too, must be easy to put on and take off. The busy man cannot waste time in melting sealing-wax, even to save his brain from destruction, though he might learn to clap on a pair of antiphones when required if they could be adjusted with the ease of spectacles.

Here surely is a field for the inventor, and success will mean not only the thanks of the multitude, but their dollars as well. Think of the allurement that will lie in such a poster as this, when once the uses of the instrument are understood: "Prof. Z's patent Cosmeto-Antiphone—pronounced by leading scientists the marvel of the age! recommended by ten thousand physicians!! An absolute sound-excluder; an infallible sleep-producer; the restorer of shattered nerves, and the solace of weary brains."

Speed the day of coming of the perfected antiphone! In very truth it will meet a long-felt want.

HOW OFFICES ARE APPORTIONED.

The Civil Service Commission has prepared from the official register or "Blue Book" a statement, which will appear in the annual report of the commission, soon to be issued, showing the apportionment of offices in the departments at Washington among the States and Territories. Under the civil service law the offices, without regard to their value, are apportioned according to population as shown by the last census. This principle has always been recognized. Even under the spoils system it was known; and to-day the United States Senate, which is governed by no law in distributing offices, makes an apportionment among the Senators, allowing to each Senator appointments drawing salaries to a fixed aggregate. In the case of the Senate places, though, the fact that one Senator, representing a sovereign State, is as good as another Senator is recognized, and the Senator from Texas and the Senator from Virginia share alike.

There are still twice as many offices under the patronage system as there are under the civil service laws in Washington. The exact number of the former is 7865, and of the latter 3881. Now the law which applies to the distribution of the civil service appointees does not apply to the patronage appointees; and although the appointment clerks in the departments claim that they apportion the offices as nearly as possible according to the population of the States, the table prepared by the Civil Service Commission shows that the distribution is far from equitable. It does not appear either that the States of the South, which are unquestionably Democratic, fare any better under this administration, or that the Republican States of the North were any better treated under the Republican administration; in fact, no political line can be drawn. The offices seem to have been distributed chiefly according to the "influence" or pressure which could be brought to bear, and naturally the greatest influence came from the States which were near Washington. But most singular of all the facts shown by this statement is the enormous amount drawn from the public treasury by the people in office who claim Washington as their legal residence. No wonder Mr. Carlisle said at the beginning of his administration of the Treasury Department that he would not appoint any more residents of the District to office. According to the statement of the Civil Service Commission the District of Columbia now has 2347 of the 11,746 places in the departments, and draws $2,106,091 of the $13,594,328 compensation. New York has places which pay better; but though New York has far exceeded her quota of public offices, the Empire State has only 1253 people in place, and they draw only $1,706,082 compensation. Pennsylvania draws $1,174,681, Ohio $660,078, and Illinois $604,235. These four States and the District of Columbia together draw $6,251,167 annually from the Treasury—nearly one-half of all that is drawn in salaries in the Washington departments. And yet three of these four States have less than their quota of places. New York is entitled to 1114, and has 1253; but Pennsylvania has 35 less than her quota (986), Ohio 172 less than her quota (689), and Illinois 249 less than her quota (718). The District of Columbia is entitled to 43 places, and has 2347.

The States which gain by this irregularity of distribution are Maryland, which is entitled to 195 appointments, and which has 552 offices, aggregating $600,023 in value; Virginia, which is entitled to 311 offices, and which has 590 places, with salaries aggregating $566,818; Maine, which is entitled to 124 offices, and which has 163, with compensation aggregating $232,550; West Virginia, which is entitled to 143 offices and has 178; and a few other of the States which have been able to bring stronger pressure to bear than have the States in the far South or the West. But the great balance to which the majority of the States contribute belongs to the District of Columbia. It is represented by men and women who were in many cases appointed to places many years ago, and who have become so identified with the District that they are now credited to it.

But the Civil Service Commission takes some pride in the fact that the excess of the District under the civil service law is only 89, while under the patronage system it is 2215.

THIS BUSY WORLD

One of the newspaper announcements of the selection of a new dean for Barnard College includes the statement that "the trustees have decided that the young woman shall be known always as Miss James Smith, and it is the new dean's own wish that it should be so. She was christened Emily James Smith." But when she marries—what then? Is she still to be Miss James Smith, just as Emma Eames is always Miss Emma Eames, and Lillian Russell perennially Miss Lillian Russell? Is a dean entitled to a permanent professional name, just as opera-singers are? Perhaps so. It is not an unreasonable claim, and if it is to be honored Miss Smith does wisely, perhaps, in exercising the choice that her sponsors have secured to her in the manner that the newspapers report. One of the duties of college deans is to maintain discipline, and James is possibly a name which carries more terrors to the heart of girlhood than Emily would. Emily is a gentle name. Emily might relent. Tears might move her. But there will be no fooling with James; not any.

And yet in use, like all other names of officers in scholastic institutions, even "James" will be subject to corruption. It is as certain as taxes that the Barnard girls will know their dean (surreptitiously, of course, but habitually) as Miss Jimmy Smith, or as Miss Jimmy, or possibly even as plain "Jim." Such is the levity of youth that scholarship cannot awe nor dignity restrain.

But under whatever name Miss James Smith does business, Barnard College is to be congratulated in its choice. Miss Smith possesses all sorts of distinctions. She is an eminent Greek scholar, who held the Greek Fellowship in Chicago University; a Latinist whose accomplishments were illustrated in the translation of *Selections from Lucian*, published two years ago by the Harpers; a writer of English who contributes to the most exacting magazines; a graduate of Bryn-Mawr, and an ex-student of Girton; a tennis-player of energy and skill; a teacher of experience; and the daughter of one of the most respected judges the State of New York ever had. Moreover, she has an enthusiasm for learning which may be surely expected to make intelligent study epidemic among her students. One is bound to be sorry beforehand for the honor-men of Columbia whenever their attainments come into competition with those of the pupils of Dean James Smith.

It is a remarkable circumstance that Mary Lease, who feared no man in all Kansas, and was ready at any time to shake the Governor of that State as a terrier shakes a rat, should have been driven into nervous prostration by the anonymous threats of cranks, and in particular of a crank from Minnesota. It was this crank from Minnesota who, after predicting Mrs. Lease's death on the 20th of May, was reported to have sent ten dollars to the sheriff of her county to buy a wreath to put on her coffin. That seems to have been the particular attention that proved more than Mrs. Lease could endure. She took to a bed in the State Deaf and Dumb Institution at Olathe, where, happily, she has survived the 20th of May without misadventure, and promises in due time to recover her spirits and energy. It is a shame to tease so earnest a woman, and here's a-hoping that anonymous cranks who set dates for her funeral and refuse to omit flowers will be caught and dealt with according to law.

There are compensations even about hard times. Money being somewhat scarcer than usual, more men than usual are wearing their old clothes, and are thereby evading the necessity of appearing in coats of the latest fashion. Whoever invented the tails of the present cut-away coat ought to be astonished at his own success in making guys of his fellow-men. Anything sillier than those exaggerated shovel-tails has not been promulgated by tailors in at least two decades. There is a proper length for a frock-coat, but you can add six inches to the tails of it and still have a garment. So you can take a dress-coat and shorten the waist of it, and heighten the collar, and stretch the tails down to your heels, and still you have a garment, though a queer one. But a cut-away coat will not stand any such liberties, and with six inches added to its tails it ceases to be a garment at all, and becomes a parody on raiment that makes every man absurd who puts it on.

On general principles every sensible man should throw his influence at all times against such extravagant changes of fashion in men's clothes as may tend to make his last year's wardrobe look antiquated. Much more should he do so when the newer fashion is silly. One of the most valuable of the fleeting privileges of being a man is to wear his clothes until he gets tired of them. Women can't do it. So far as their raiment goes, they are the creatures of modes and milliners, and change their vesture at a signal from Paris. That is one of the great disadvantages of being a woman; but, after all, it helps trade, and enables thousands of families to discover how much that is indispensable there is in Harper's Bazar besides its patterns.

Enlisted men are getting special attention just now both in the army and navy. For the benefit of soldiers the Senate has passed a bill to repeal the present enlistment law, which forbids the re-enlistment of any private soldier who has served ten years or is over thirty-five years old. This law operates to turn trained and reliable men out of the army at the height of their usefulness, and is most unpopular in the service, where its repeal will be welcomed.

To make the sailors happier the department has devised a new dress uniform of white duck with blue braid on it, to take the place, in warm weather, of the blue flannel clothes which Jack has been used to wear ashore or on all occasions of ceremony aboard ship. The department has also planned to put the petty officers of the navy in frock-coats, which are expected to inflate their pride and increase their efficiency.

M. Paul Bourget is about to issue the narrative of his recent travels in America, and intimates that it will abound in sentiments the most satisfactory to American readers. After all the hospitality that was shown to him here, he has not the heart, it seems, to say any but nice things about us. It is to be hoped that M. Bourget will harden his heart and say what he really thinks about us. We squirm so under discipline that it is getting to be as much as any astute European's American reputation is worth to so much as hint that our eagle has not a Grecian nose. If our guests are to pay too implicit a deference to the national demand that they shall see us with our own eyes, their visits will be less profitable to us than if our self-conceit were less intolerant.

There seems to be a rivalry between the various newspapers which interest themselves in the more intimate personal concerns of their fellow-men as to which shall publish the most rumors about the matrimonial intentions of William C. Whitney, and of the surviving unmarried members of the family of the late Jay Gould. It is understood to be pleasant to have matrimonial intentions which are in a fair way to be realized, but to have intentions imputed to one which do not exist, or for any reason have been frustrated, is embarrassing and undesirable, especially if the imputations are conveyed in print in journals of large circulation. It is believed that if society editors earnestly desired to be accurate in their matrimonial-intentions news they could contrive some method of avoiding the misinformation which is imposed upon them. If they would insist that every announcement of an engagement should be accompanied with a lock of the lady's hair and the bond of the informer, it would insure less prematurity of information, less disappointment of the public, and very much less dissatisfaction on the part of the individuals most intimately concerned.

The esteemed *Evening Post* has so much fun with so many people that one is bound to be diverted when any one succeeds in having fun with the worthy *Post*. Mr. William Allen Butler did it the other day in a notable degree. The *Post*, in a news article about the meeting of the alumni of the University of New York, observed that "the most interesting feature was a reminiscent address by the venerable president of the council, William Allen Butler, ninety-four years old, followed by a forecast by his son, Charles Butler, who is seventy years old." Whereupon Mr. Butler, with a polite apology for distrusting the accuracy of any information in the *Post*, observes:

> "I am not the president of the council, but only the vice-president; I am not ninety-four years old, but only sixty-nine; I am not Mr. Charles Butler's father, but only his nephew; second, in respect to Mr. Charles Butler, he is not my son, but my uncle, and he is not seventy years old, but ninety-two; and third, in respect to both of us, neither is ninety-four years old.
>
> "These corrections are not of much consequence to the public, but with so many undeserved honors heaped upon me at once, candor compels this disclaimer, and Mr. Charles Butler wears his ninety-two years with so much grace and vigor that they ought not to be attributed to any one else or increased except by the due advance of time."

The *Post* ought to think itself happy that an accident such as happens sometimes in the best-regulated newspaper families should have afforded Mr. Butler a chance to make so much stingless merriment for its admiring readers.

E. S. Martin.

THE NEW YORK PILOTS.

Storm, fog, or fair weather, the lookout on an ocean steamer nearing New York Harbor is on the watch for a trim little schooner with a huge number painted on the mainsail; it is one of the fleet that hovers about the ocean thoroughfare.

Every deep-draught vessel—in fact, every craft hailing from a foreign port—is compelled by law to take on a pilot outside of Sandy Hook. Meeting all kinds of weather, these stanch little boats, each one having its complement of pilots (which they distribute one after another to the various incomers), lie in wait for the steamer which calls for their assistance. The pilots on board are, with few exceptions, joint owners in the vessels themselves, and when a pilot-boat has sent her last owner over the side she returns to the city, where they all meet and start upon another cruise. They work on shares, and each owner is paid according to the draught of the vessel he brings to port.

It is no easy work to board a steamer when there is a high sea running, and it is an exciting scene to watch. The great ship is brought to a standstill, her churning screws whitening the shifting waters in her wake, and a mile or so to windward lies the little pilot-boat hove to. The passengers crowd the rail, and presently a little boat—generally rowed by two men—puts out from the schooner's side. Down they come, till it almost seems as if they would be swamped by the huge waves that rush past the steamer's tall black sides. A ladder and a rope are thrown outboard, and the small boat drifts alongside, fended off by the oars, until the pilot jumps to the ladder and is greeted on deck by the hearty hand-grasp of an officer. Then the little boat puts back once more, to be picked up by the schooner, which has payed off to leeward.

Until a short time ago the vessels of the United States navy were all compelled to do their own piloting to the various home and foreign ports; now the choice is permitted them to take a pilot or not, as they may wish. Although the course to the channel and the inner harbor is well buoyed out, these little vessels have probably brought in many a ship that in the hands of inexperienced or ignorant skippers might have struck some of the various shoals that are around the mouth of the outer harbor.

OLD-TIME DAYS.

I can see the river gliding, as it used to long ago,
Round the shoulder of the meadow where the thick-set willows grow.
I can hear it purl and ripple, in a gentle lullaby,
To a little barefoot dreamer gazing up into the sky.

Yonder lie the brown old farm-house, crown'd with chimney huge and square,
And the barn beloved of swallows, with its weathercock in air.
I can hear the river-ripple blend with cow-bells from the hill,
And the far-off clang and rumble of the log-frame in the mill.

How I loved to lie a-dreaming in the deep and quiet grass
While I watched the ghosts of noonday through the fields of heaven pass!
I was happy—oh, so happy!—while the purling of the stream
Seemed to weave a little poem for the music of my dream!

Oh, to taste once more the pleasure that I knew in years gone by,
When my heart was full of sunshine as the summer morning sky!
Oh, to feel that out-door gladness when the days were fresh and long,
And the bluebird climbed to heaven on the ladder of his song!

James Buckham.

THE STORM AT CHICAGO.

Over twenty thousand people stood along the Lake front in Chicago on Friday of week before last, and during the following night, helplessly watching the struggles of drowning sailors and weather-beaten ships, while the worst storm in years raged over that portion of Lake Michigan. When finally the rain ceased and the wind abated, over fifty wrecks were strewn along the beach between Michigan City and Two Rivers, and the death list showed twenty-five known lives lost besides a number of men missing. The storm began to show itself in Chicago at ten o'clock in the morning, Friday, May 18th. Gusts of wind and heavy squalls stirred up the lake, and black clouds scurried up from the horizon and darkened the smoky city. The mercury dropped from 80 degrees at ten o'clock in the morning to 50 degrees at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the gale kept increasing in fury until long past midnight.

The schooners and fishing-boats that were out in the lake made desperate attempts to get behind the Chicago breakwater, but most of the small craft were unable to weather the cyclone and were driven into shallow waters, where they pounded to pieces. At Fort Sheridan, a few miles north of Chicago, the soldiers of the Fifteenth Infantry were ordered to patrol the beach and to help in every way to save human life. Troops B and K of the Seventh Cavalry, who have wider reputations as life-destroyers than life-savers, for they have a good Indian-fighting record, battled against the waves with the fort's life-saving apparatus and rescued many castaways. On the water-front of the city and about the government pier more than twenty schooners were dashed to pieces. The life-savers did all they could to rescue the imperilled sailors, but they became so exhausted by the constant effort, and their life-boats were upset so many times, that they finally had to give it up and to let volunteers replace them. At four o'clock in the afternoon it was necessary to call upon the fire department for assistance, and several companies of firemen came down to the Lake Front and joined in the work of rescue. Thirty men and one woman were taken from a dangerous position on board a bumboat a mile from the shore and brought to land on a tug. Several boats in their attempts to make the breakwater were driven against the thick stone wall, and bounded back like rubber balls, and the people on land could see the struggling men fighting for life in the rigging without being able to do anything for them. Besides those who lost their lives on wrecks there were eleven men who found themselves in a dangerous position on the end of the government pier. They had gone there to catch fish, and their avenue of escape was suddenly cut off by the rising water. They had to seek shelter under the pier during Friday night, and were rescued the next morning, all but one, who had been washed out into the lake and drowned.

It is probable that more sailors could have been rescued from the wrecks if the life-savers had had more mortars at hand with which to throw out life-lines, but there were only a few of these, and they were constantly in use.

In addition to the sailors and fishermen who were in danger, there were thirty-five workmen imprisoned in the Lakeview crib all of Friday night, and all efforts to rescue them proved of no avail. On the following day, however, when the wind and waves had become quieter, they were safely brought to land, suffering only from their exposure.

It will doubtless be some weeks before the entire list of casualties is known, as many schooners were forced to put out into the lake in the very teeth of the storm so as not to be driven ashore. Some of these boats probably foundered, but doubtless most of them reached port safely at other points along the lake.

After the storm had completely quieted down there were few spots for ten miles along the lake shore on either side of Chicago that were not strewn with wreckage, with here and there the body of some unfortunate sailor-man washed ashore.

Albert Lee.

THE NEW YORK STATE DEMOCRACY.

BY GEORGE WALTON GREEN.

POLITICAL organizations in New York seem to require a periodical overhauling, and every one of them has been forced from time to time to gather up its skirts, tuck up its sleeves, and fall to housecleaning to purge itself of the abuses which seem bound to creep in.

A quarter of a century ago William Orton and Jackson S. Schultz prefaced their report of a plan for the reorganization of the Republican party in the city of New York by the admission that it would not hold for more than ten years. "For," said the former, "everything degenerates in New York, and nothing degenerates so fast as a political organization."

Of the Democratic party in the city and State the same may be said. Tammany, which defied the Democracy of the State in 1879, bolted the regular ticket, and threw the Governorship to the Republicans, pulled itself together after the defeat, for which its defection was solely responsible, faced with stubborn impudence the storm of abuse that followed its party treachery, closed up its decimated ranks, and began again the usual process of recruiting its members by the old method of deals with the Republicans, to whom its revolt had given an unexpected victory in the election of Governor Cornell. From that day to this its rapid and steady rise, its gradual but sure control of all the avenues to political power, the stretching out, one by one, of its devil-fish tentacles, until it has caught and held every municipal board, department, office, and place of political power, honor, or emolument; the gradual extension of its influence to State politics until it has finally won exclusive control, are facts familiar to any one who has followed for the last dozen or more years the game of politics in the city and State. But it was only on the eve of the last national campaign that the eyes of the country were at last opened to the fact that a local political machine stronger than the Albany Regency, more absolute than the Council of Appointment, more despotic and far more ably managed than the Tweed ring, had finally obtained absolute control of the whole Democratic party organization in the Empire State, and in the teeth of the majority of the Democratic voters was actually on the point of dictating to the national Democracy the choice of a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

When, a few years ago, the "Big Four" of Tammany Hall declared that the old order had passed away forever, and that a new and reformed Tammany had taken its place, many reputable Democrats were glad to take them at their word, and joined the Wigwam, hoping to do honest political work for the party within the party lines. But, by a process of evolution as simple and easy of forecast as it was speedy and sure, once more the inevitable has come to pass. One man and one only of the "Big Four" has seemed to hold his own, and show the courage to revolt and the strength to make a winning fight. Bourke Cockran, to his honor be it said, refuses to turn his back on political faith and party pledges, supports the measure brought forward by the honest leaders of the party in their effort to redeem the promises on which the people gave us the victory in the last national campaign, and as reward for his honesty, courage, and eloquence has been threatened with "turning down" by the arrogant chieftain of the local ring! As to the others, one by one the reins were seized and gathered into a single hand. First Grant, whose sluggish self-respect at last revolted, was set aside; next Gilroy, Mayor in name, lieutenant only in fact, appointed, not elected, to the executive chair, found himself forced to bow to the master's will, while he cursed the iron hand and galling collar that drove him to do the master's bidding. And finally Croker, chosen simply as a dispenser of patronage by those who agreed to put him forward, clothed with what they fondly thought would remain only the *simulacra* of power, under a solemn agreement between themselves that the days of an autocratic boss should never come again, has simply proved anew that the old causes are bound to produce the old effects. A maxim which the events of a century ago burnt into the minds of the American people has been given a broader meaning, a new and striking verification. As we were taught in 1774 that the power to tax is the power to destroy, so we have learned in 1894 that the power of appointment without responsibility, of assessment without accountability, means political dictatorship, the death of political independence. This it is which has made of a dull, ignorant politician, whose sole merit lay in his ability to keep his tongue between his teeth, the bull-necked, bull-headed master of the very men who set him up as a figure-head, expecting to work the wires and move the pieces on the political chess-board from behind the automaton of the Tammany *Musée*.

The collapse of this particular person; his "resignation" at the first signs of danger; his silly lapses from the owl-like silence which gave an impression of dignified imperturbability; the ludicrous "breaks" which reveal the real ignorance and underlying timidity, so that the very leaders, who in public shed copious tears like the generals at Washington's farewell, sneer in private, while they hint broadly at the fear of investigation into the mysterious sources of his sudden wealth—all these are mere incidents of evolution, and have no real political significance whatever. Given the system, the product will be always the same, and the next dunghill flower will emit just as rank a smell. The individual is nothing; the place, its powers, its opportunities and temptations, manifold and insurmountable, are everything. It is against the system itself, and the kind of man it is bound to produce, that the protest of to-day is directed.

With a splendid party majority in city, State, and nation; with an opportunity to give to the people measures which the common weal demanded, and whose enactment would have justified a victory, those who falsely claim to represent the great body of Democratic voters in the Empire State have deliberately refused to carry out the people's mandate, have misrepresented us in the councils of the nation, and have turned over both branches of the State Legislature to our opponents by a defeat which was as overwhelming as it was deserved. The landslide of 1893, exceeded only by the tidal wave of 1882, has been followed by a less marked but none the less significant freshet in the spring elections of 1894, which surpasses in the magnitude and extent of its changes the political revolution of 1890.

Such is the condition of the Democratic party in the city and State of New York. Those who assume to lead it, and who demand, on pain of instant defeat, the exclusive control of its nominating machinery, by their brazen attempts to misrepresent the real sentiments of the Democrats of New York, have opened the eyes of voters to the fact that the will of the majority has for years been thwarted and set aside, until folly and mismanagement have led the party from splendid victory to disastrous rout.

Defeat has taught its bitter, wholesome lesson. Honest Democrats all over New York are agreed that the party must be reorganized from top to bottom throughout the State. The men who rose in indignant protest against the faithless leaders of 1892, who made possible the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, and gave the country a Democratic administration, see in the crushing defeats of 1893 the need and the occasion for their work to-day.

The New York State Democracy appeal not only to their party associates in the State of New York, but to the Democrats of the United States. Theirs is the cause of Democracy itself—the right of the majority; the cause of men who believe that the times are ripe for the formation in the first State of the Union of a party organization founded on political principles. Its great and increasing enrolment shows that there are Democrats by the tens of thousands who welcome such an organization, even though the hands of greeting are not loaded with the flesh-pots of patronage; men who are not willing, even for the chance of joining in the scramble for place, to surrender their personal independence to any man or to any body of men. To such the State Democracy seems full of promise. They believe that the vast majority of those who profess to be Democrats in the State of New York are Democrats from a conviction of the soundness of certain political ideas, and in this belief they are not afraid to venture.

The plan of organization of the New York State Democracy starts with an encouraging promise of improved political methods at the very bottom. As the aroused public interest makes the grosser forms of political debauchery of Tweed's time impossible under the Croker régime, as the increasing popular demand for better primary methods forces the Republican party organization of 1894 to repudiate the system of small and secret political clubs which obtained in 1882, when 6000 members of these exclusive little coteries could name the candidates for 60,000 Republican voters in the city of New York, so we believe that the time has come for the successful maintenance of a system which insures honest primaries at which every enrolled voter shall have an opportunity to cast his ballot, protected by all the safeguards we throw round the polls at a general election. No Democrat, to join this organization, need first submit to the inquisitorial scrutiny of an autocratic district leader. By the fundamental law of the organization he becomes entitled to enrolment, with all the rights and privileges of membership, simply by signing a declaration in the following form:

> *"I am a citizen of the United States, legally entitled to vote in the city of New York, and reside at the address set opposite my name. I am a Democrat, and I do hereby enroll myself as a member of the NEW YORK STATE DEMOCRACY, for the purpose of advancing Democratic principles and securing good government in the Nation and State and in the City of New York.*
>
> *"So long as I remain a member of this organization I will not participate in the Primaries or Conventions of any other political organization antagonistic to the New York State Democracy, nor will I support for any municipal office the nominee of any party or faction whose antecedents or practices prove it to have been inimical to the cause of honest City Government."*

Every district will have its own local home. In many the houses have already been taken, furnished, and equipped as social clubs and political headquarters, and there will soon be erected in a central part of the city a substantial building, which will serve as headquarters for the local Democracy—a council chamber of party policy, not a closet for the secret discussion of the best means of avoiding indictment.

With commodious local headquarters throughout the Assembly districts, with a permanent home for the Democracy of the city and State, with representatives chosen at fair and open primaries—for which due notice is to be given, not only, as the statute provides, by advertisement, which amounts to little, but personally by mail, which amounts to much—there is at least a fair chance given to the voters to select as leaders representative and reliable men—men who will not, by suggestion or acquiescence, encourage their followers in conduct which calls for the action of the Grand Jury, and then, when indictment results, flee the jurisdiction, leaving their misguided dupes to curse their treachery from behind the bars of a convict's cell.

The character and standing of the men who have given the New York State Democracy their active and earnest support justify the expectation that he who shall be selected finally to take the helm will be a political leader in very truth—a man who will steer the ship by the light of political principles; whose aim will be to advance the party's cause and the people's good; not one who will use the organization as a private counting-house, and after the accumulation of a royal fortune, gathered from sources he seems curiously unwilling to reveal, will leave his post when great public questions are stirring, speed across the continent with the retinue of a prince of the royal blood, and from the safe and appropriate surroundings of the Golden Gate, venture to dictate the policy of the Democratic party in the great city and State of New York.

Within the ranks of the present dominant organization the dissensions which are stirring to-day supply a striking and suggestive parallel to the internal feuds which precipitated the downfall of the same organization under a former king a quarter of a century ago. It is true that Tweed's methods of dealing with legislative bodies were crude and unscientific compared with the Tammany plan of to-day, the very simplicity of which stamps it as a product of genius.[*] The lobby is a thing of the past. "Business," as many of the old-timers ruefully declare, "is no longer done at the private stands." If a great corporation wishes to successfully support or oppose a proposed bill, its agents are no longer forced to make flying trips to Albany, there to button-hole this Senator and that Assemblyman. For several years past a taciturn gentleman has been in daily attendance at a quiet office in East Fourteenth Street, to whom direct application might be made, and with whom to "negotiate" is said to have been a positive pleasure. The subject is quietly discussed, the terms arranged as a matter of pure business, and when agreed to you need not give your clients or yourself further trouble. The thing is done. No risk is taken, no law violated. It is surely not bribery to contribute a round sum to the general fund of a political organization, even if a large proportion of the amount goes through the hands of a private individual, in return for the promised support of the head of that organization—a man who holds no legislative office, and who is absolutely above the law. Consider the enormous gain in comfort and certainty. *There is no selling out.* It would spoil the business. It is cheaper, safer, surer to deal directly with the power that controls the legislators than to bargain with a "Black Horse Cavalry," any one of whom may at any moment "make a break and play the double cross," as the late lamented Mike Cregan vowed he had never, never done when poor Thorndike Rice attempted, with innocent complacency, to apply the methods of an English Parliamentary campaign to a hot Congressional fight in "the old Tenth," with Tammany Republicans to handle the bags![*]

But while this simple and ingenious method of getting out of politics all that there is in it enriches the organization, and probably has not diminished either Mr. Croker's private fortune or his personal influence, it is very far from popular with the rank and file. The "boys" are beginning, in these hard times, to resent the tremendous change in the relative dignity and opportunities of a statesman's life. There is no chance for an ambitious politician to do business on his own account. He votes as directed from the Fourteenth Street office, and at the first sign of unreadiness to come to heel the collar is given a twist, and he is forcibly reminded that there are dozens of men in his district ready to jump into his shoes at the next election. One distinguished ex-State Senator, commenting on the way in which his late office had been shorn of all its attractions save the petty salary attached to the place, and mourning what seemed to him the degradation of a high estate, shook his head and said, with a sigh of genuine regret: "What's there in it, annyway? Fifteen hundred—not a cint more. Why, it wouldn't pay for me cocktails!"

The dominating absorption of power and extent of influence has made itself felt in every direction. It is not the liquor-dealers only who have been forced to make terms with Tammany, nor yet the houses of prostitution. There is hardly an enterprise, trade, or calling which, sooner or later, by some form of petty tyranny or another, is not made to feel that the price of liberty is eternal—allegiance to the Wigwam. If the keeper of a livery-stable has not responded to the invitation of the district leader to become one of the General Committee, he suddenly finds that his cabs, carelessly left standing in the street, have been seized by the authorities, and their recovery entails payment of the fine imposed by a city ordinance, but inflicted only at discretion. Let him come to terms—the old immunity is restored; and while the poor cobbler on the corner is forced to remove his little show-case, the street is again blocked by vehicles which are allowed to stand for hours, lining the road from curb to curb. If a saloon-keeper, restless under the frequent and increasing blackmail, ventures to protest, he will find himself arrested Sunday after Sunday, under plea of alleged illegal sales, until he renews his pledges of fealty, when the persecution ceases as promptly and mysteriously as it began.

It is the votes of men like these which will roll up the opposition majority next fall—men who dare not yet avow their real sentiments, who are to-day members of Tammany Hall in good and regular standing, and yet who will rejoice with the savage joy of the long oppressed at the downfall of the tyrant which has bled them so long.

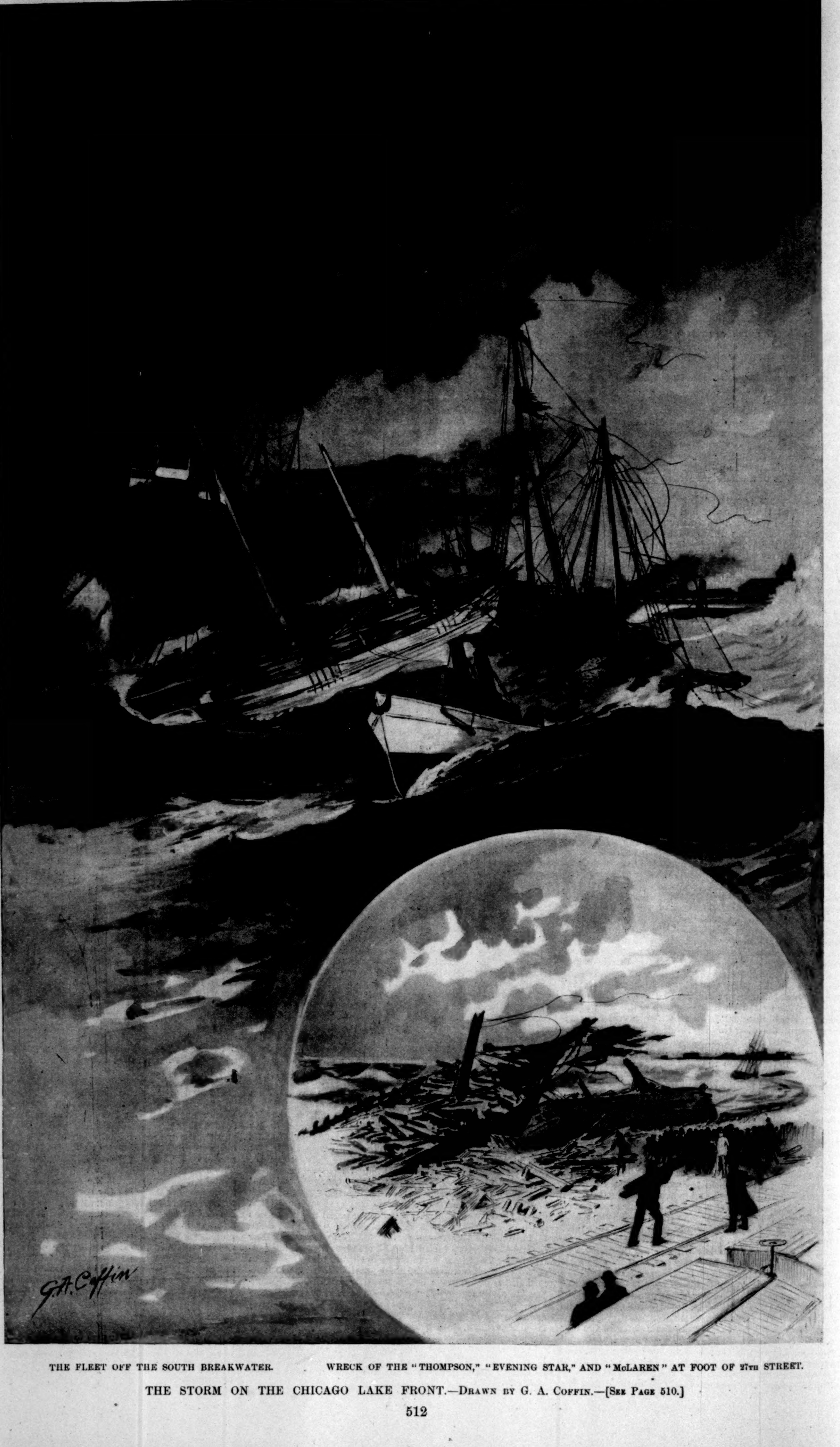
We call ourselves a free people, while we submit to galling abuses with a long-suffering, patient serenity that stirs foreign observers with an amazement sometimes tinged with contempt. But it is the good-humored endurance of the mastiff letting the puppy snap at his nose. The very consciousness of power in the ultimate resort induces a lazy tolerance. But the might, though dormant, is there. *Non anser vult velli, sed populus vult decipi*, ran the mediæval saw—"A goose hates to be plucked, but the people like it." And up to a certain point our good-natured endurance seems to justify the maxim. But the story of Tweed's downfall, the swift condemnation of the Broadway steal, the instant retribution visited on McKane and his gang, the quick punishments meted out to the perpetrators of the recent election frauds in the city of New York—all emphasize the fact that beyond that point no man may go with safety; that "you cannot fool all the people all the time."

That danger-line has now been reached, and the self-respecting members of the dominant organization itself, who have chafed more and more as the collar grew tighter, are ready to break loose at another turn of the screw. That the leaders and their hard-headed chief understand the situation seems clear. He, at any rate, is much too shrewd not to recognize the signs of coming storm in the ominous clouds that gather on the political horizon. He has always been credited with at least enough common-sense to know that the sort of hold he has secured, won by the methods he employs, needs an ever-increasing tightness of grip, and that Blossom Brick was only putting into words one of the eternal verities when he uttered the solemn and prophetic warning, "If the People ever tumble to our game—Hell will be to pay!"

The State of New York, which gave Mr. Cleveland 46,000 plurality less than two years ago, has been thrown to the Republicans by mismanagement and fraud. The overwhelming defeat last fall has been followed by a wide-spread break, scarcely paralleled in the history of "off-year" elections; and finally the returns from the charter elections of 1894 show that thousands of Democrats, disgusted by the blind stupidity and reckless bad faith of those who assumed to lead the party, have emphasized their disgust by helping to swell the enormous Republican gains. From all over the State the same story comes in. The demand for radical reorganization springs from the people. It is they who call for a change, and it is this which gives strength to the new movement. The organization is complete. Its policy is settled and clear. No "dickers" with any hostile force, no deals with the enemy or their allies. They have the votes; they mean to see that they are cast—and counted, too. And when the time comes to show their strength they will drag the usurpers from their places; they will correct the abuses which have brought upon the party deserved defeat; they will win deserved victory, and give to the people of the great city and the great State of New York an honest administration of public affairs.

[*] Tweed once explained, with cynical frankness, to an investigating committee, his ingenious device for buying up the legislative caucuses of *both* parties, and so controlling the votes of honest men, *which he got for nothing!* But the present plan is simpler, more effective, and absolutely *safe*.

[*] This was in the good old days when ballots were distributed "flat" to the district leaders. It was their perquisite to "fold and bunch," with all the chances thereby afforded for carrying out those little by-bargains that used to make the sport so exciting and the net results so comfortable.



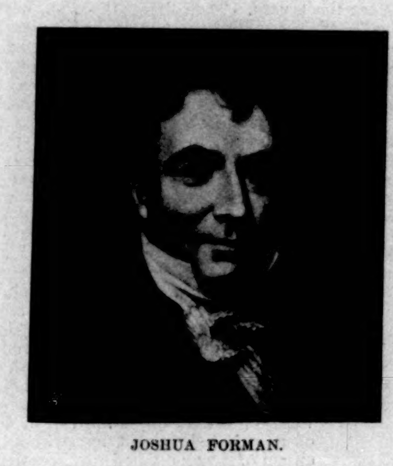
THE FLEET OFF THE SOUTH BREAKWATER. WRECK OF THE "THOMPSON," "EVENING STAR," AND "McLAREN" AT FOOT OF 27TH STREET.

THE STORM ON THE CHICAGO LAKE FRONT.—DRAWN BY G. A. COFFIN.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

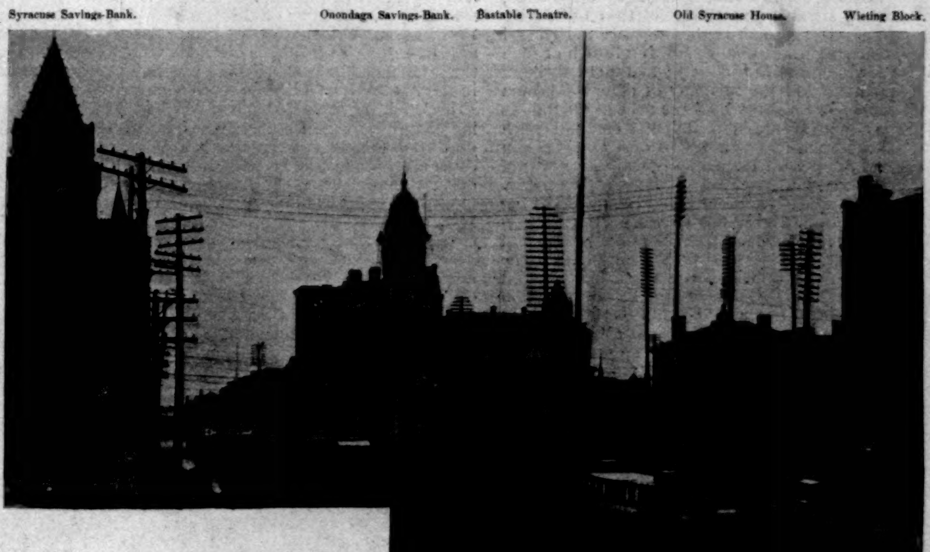
HARVEY BALDWIN,
First Mayor of Syracuse.

E. W. LEAVENWORTH.

JACOB AMOS,
Present Mayor of Syracuse.

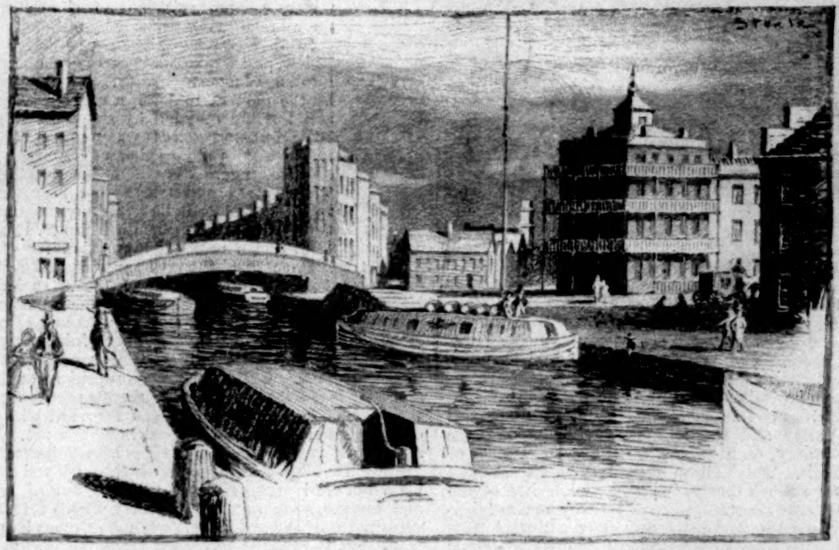


JOSHUA FORMAN.

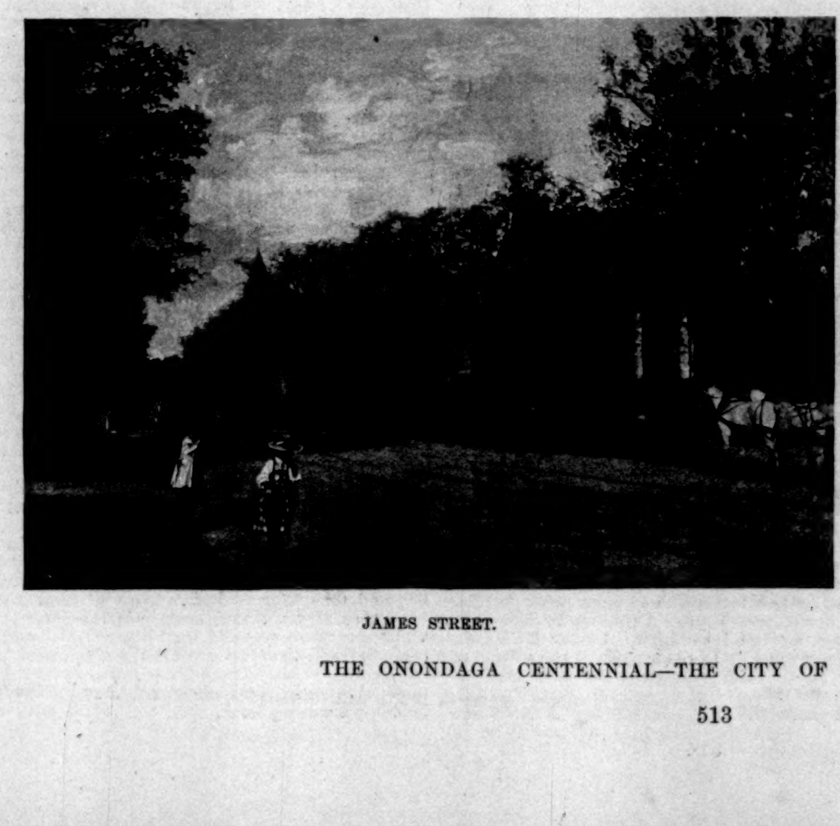


Syracuse Savings-Bank.
Onondaga Savings-Bank.
Bastable Theatre.
Old Syracuse House.
Wieting Block.

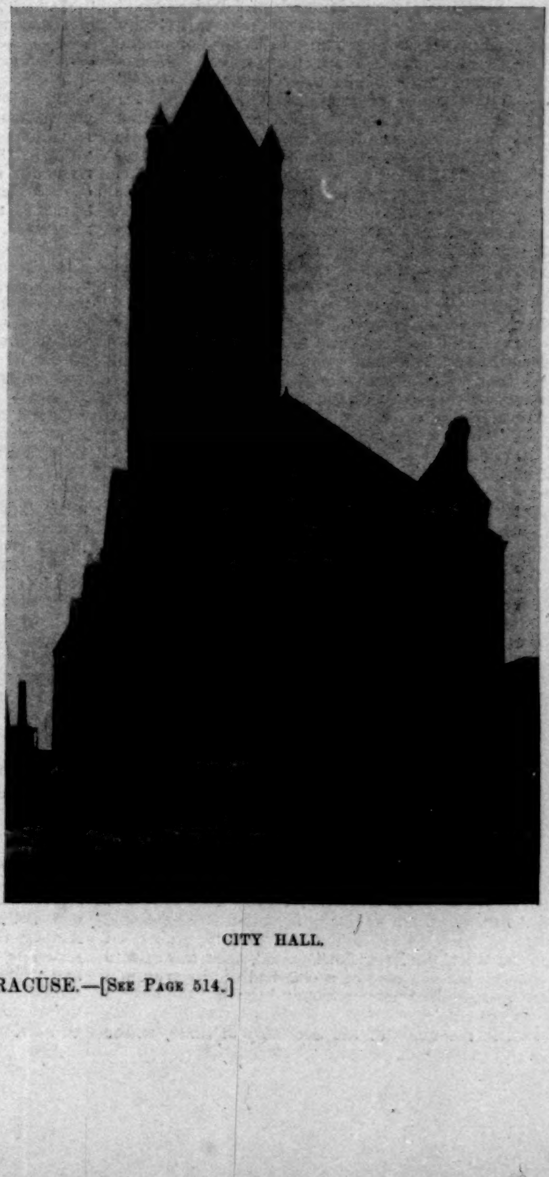
CENTRAL PART OF SYRACUSE, 1894.



CENTRAL PART OF SYRACUSE, 1840.



JAMES STREET.



CITY HALL.

THE ONONDAGA CENTENNIAL—THE CITY OF SYRACUSE.—[SEE PAGE 514.]

THE ONONDAGA CENTENNIAL.

BY CHARLES E. FITCH.

ON the 5th of March, 1794, the county of Onondaga was erected from Herkimer. Its centennial was noted by a public meeting in Syracuse, but fuller ceremonies were reserved for the kindlier skies of June. Next week the county will hold high festival. Each town will have its distinctive local observances. On Sunday appropriate discourses will be delivered in the churches. Wednesday will witness a general celebration in Syracuse, embracing an industrial and historic parade, elaborate literary exercises, and an old settler's camp-fire; and on the three succeeding days dramatic representation of leading historic incidents will be given, under the auspices of the Onondaga Historical Association. A loan exhibition will be an additional attraction.

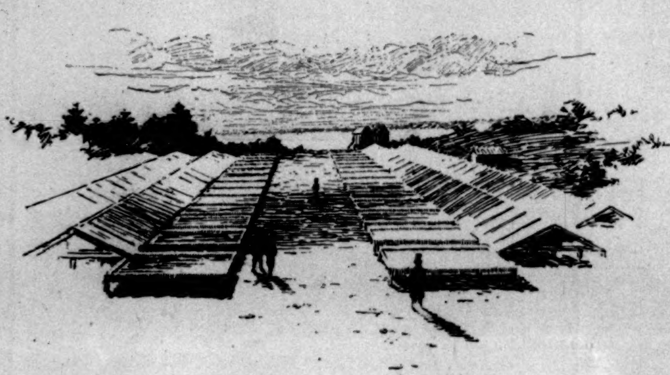
At the geographical centre of the State of New York, Onondaga County, with an average width from south to north of thirty and from east to west of twenty-six miles, presents a diversified surface, being comparatively level in the northern portion as it trends toward Lake Ontario, but rising at the south into ranges of hills, from the slopes of some of which the waters seek the Susquehanna. The fair lakes of Tully, Otisco, Skaneateles, Onondaga, and Oneida, with their tributary streams, gem the landscape and fructify the soil, which, on the flats and in the intervals, is rich and responsive to cultivation, the county ranking fourth or fifth in the value of farms and farm products; and there, through the bounty of nature and the economy of man, has been a century of development, upon which the sons of Onondaga may well pride themselves, and confidently compare with that of kindred communities. Eminently does Onondaga in the character and progress of its people reveal the genius of the Puritan civilization as modified by its second exodus. The westward migration, as it swept toward the Ohio, at the close of the Revolution, passed the Dutch on the Hudson and the Mohawk, and the pioneers from New England halted both in central and western New York, joining forces in the former with the soldiers to whom the State had allotted lands on the Military Tract. Onondaga had solid foundation in the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of its settlers.

But prior to this there is much of interest attached to its hills and valleys. About them linger the most poetic and fascinating of Iroquois legends, with the more forceful story of Iroquois prowess, and to them the Jesuits carried the banner of the cross. Tradition tells that on the northern bank of Lake Genentaha (Onondaga), Hiawatha, descending from the clouds, and divesting himself of his divine attributes, dwelt among the Onondagas, teaching them the arts of peace, and there cemented the league of the Iroquois. From them, the most numerous and warlike of the five nations, the presiding chief was selected, and in their domain the central council-house was located. In due time, his mission being accomplished, Hiawatha was upborne in his white canoe to the clouds, but the principles he inculcated were practised in a confederacy which was in many respects a model republic. The Onondaga tribe is still the head of the league, and a remnant thereof, oblivious even of its ancestral glory, possesses, but to vex, the most arable acreage in the heart of the county.

There is no nobler record of devotion and daring than that made by the Jesuits in their efforts to Christianize the Indians throughout that immense area called New France, which stretched from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. It is emblazoned with the heroisms of the patient missionaries, who sought in the wilderness neither personal honor nor profit, but only the weal of the Church they served. It has simple, yet graphic, expression in their own "Relations," and glows on the pages of Schoolcraft and Parkman. Suffice it here to say that thirty years after Champlain retreated before the arrows of the Onondagas the gentle champions of the faith invaded the territory of the Iroquois, and Father Jogues fell by the hands of the Mohawks. In 1654 Father Le Moyne reached the main village of the Onondagas, on the site of Manlius, and, in retracing his steps to Canada, discovered the salt springs, being the first European to manufacture Onondaga salt, and instructing the red man in the process. Later the missions of St. John the Baptist in Manlius, and of St. Mary's of Genentaha, were established, the latter being destroyed at the instigation of the Mohawks, while its inmates, forewarned by a friendly native, escaped. Still later a second mission of St. John the Baptist, around which clustered a small French colony, was consecrated, near where Jamesville stands, the good Garakonta building its chapel. With the transfer of New Netherlands to the English and renewed hostilities between the Iroquois and the French, the colony languished and the missions declined, and at last disappeared; but their chivalries and charities still render memorable the spots whereon they were displayed, and within even recent years relics of the Jesuit visitation have occasionally been discovered.

The county was not the scene of direct conflict between British and American troops during the Revolution, but Colonel Van Schaick chastised the Onondagas, and General Sullivan dismayed the Iroquois as he pursued the Cayugas and Senecas through the forest shades, scattering famine and desolation in his path; so that when American independence was won, these allies of the British willingly made accommodation with the State by conveying land titles to it, with certain reservations to their own use. Thus the State received the Military Tract, which it dedicated in part to the promotion of education, but in still larger part to the liquidation of bounties to the veterans of the war. This tract was conterminous with the original county of Onondaga, which included the counties of Cayuga, Wayne, Seneca, Cortland, and portions of Oswego and Tompkins, since set off. The original towns were given such names as Homer, Pompey, Manlius, Lysander, Marcellus, Ulysses, Milton, Scipio, Ovid, Aurelius, and Romulus. This nomenclature, confined, with the single exception of the English bard, to Grecian and Roman worthies, and amplified in subsequent subdivisions, betrayed poverty of invention and a wanton neglect of Indian appellations, which were as many as mellifluous. It was long ascribed to Simeon De Witt, the Surveyor-General, who was said to have discharged the contents of a classical dictionary upon the hapless ground like pepper from a box; but the charge has been thoroughly disproved, and the responsibility rests with a clerk in the office of the Secretary of State, whose name need not be perpetuated. Fortunately the county was named before the clerk thumbed the lexicon.

Ephraim Webster, born in New Hampshire in 1758, a soldier of the Revolution, whose career was one of adventure, and even of romance, set his stakes in 1786 at the mouth of Onondaga Creek, in the van of the army of occupation, and trafficked with the Indians. He mastered their tongue, was adopted by the tribe, married a squaw, was spy and interpreter for the United States government, led three hundred Onondaga braves to the Niagara frontier in the war of 1812, was the hero of many thrilling exploits, held various civic offices, and died at Tuscarora in 1825. He was bold, clever, and resourceful, and of a higher moral type than most of the Indian traders of his day—far higher than "Indian" Allen, the avant-courier of the Genesee country. Among the earliest settlers, all of whose memories are held in local esteem, the following may be mentioned: in Onondaga—Comfort Tyler, an immigrant in 1788, surveyor and school-teacher, county clerk and Assemblyman; Asa Danforth, who came the same year, a man of rare executive quality and usefulness, judge, Senator, superintendent of the salt springs, and major-general in the militia; Thaddeus M. Wood, the pioneer lawyer, who hung out his shingle at Onondaga Valley in 1794, and was famous for his legal acumen, wit, and readiness of retort; and Joshua Forman, who began practice at the same place in 1800, attained judicial honors, introduced in the Assembly of 1808 the resolution for the survey of the Erie Canal, and remained one of its most efficient champions; in Marcellus, Dan Bradley, who settled there in 1795, a graduate of Yale and for a time a clergyman, but who became a scientific farmer, president of the first county agricultural society, and first judge of the county; and in Camillus, James Geddes, who came from Pennsylvania in 1793, organized the salt industry, surveyed the route of the canal, and was judge, Assemblyman, and Congressman. First settlements were made in the towns, as at present defined, as follows: Onondaga, 1788; Manlius, DeWitt, La Fayette, and Van Buren, 1789; Cicero, 1790; Pompey, 1791; Camillus, Skaneateles, Salina, Elbridge, Lysander, and Clay, 1791; Geddes, Marcellus, and Spafford, 1794; Tully, 1795; and Otisco, 1798.



SALT VATS AT SALINA, 1840.

To detail the history of these towns is beyond the scope of this article, and its rehearsal would simply consist with that of the general development of the rural districts of New York—a healthy growth from a sturdy stock, vindicating its own integrity and its capacity for assimilation. It is a story of pluck and conquest, of peaceful hamlets and thriving villages, of good citizenship and sterling patriotism. Meagre reference to a few salient features is all that can be made. In Onondaga, with precedence in settlement, are two small villages, the Valley and the Hill, which for years were rivals for supremacy, each hoping to be the chief mart of central New York. The Valley—once four miles south of Syracuse, now a suburb thereof, with no visible line of demarcation, and with constant electric railway communication between the two—was patterned after a quaint New England town, with its one long street of ample width lined with elms, behind which were the roomy white mansions with their green window-blinds. There the remarkable group of men already alluded to lived and labored. There was the first post-office, in 1794, with Comfort Tyler as postmaster, and there, the same year, the first court was held in Asa Danforth's corn-house. There, in 1812, the Onondaga Academy, still in existence, was founded, and in after-years the twin brothers Willis and Lewis Gaylord Clark, of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, sat upon its benches. There in 1813 Thurlow Weed was a prentice-boy in the office of the *Lynx*, and in 1814 Lewis H. Redfield, who survived until 1882, dying at the age of ninety, began to print the Onondaga *Register*. A mile above the Valley at the west, and equidistant with it from Syracuse, is the Hill, which from mossy eaves looks drowsily upon the bustle below, but which once pulsed to the tide of travel, and heard the resonant horn of the stage-coach as it whirled over the "Great Genesee Road" from Albany to Buffalo; and there, in 1802, after lively fight with the Valley, the court-house was erected, in which such jurists as Egbert Benson and James Kent presided, where leading local counsel, such as Nehemiah H. Earll, Nicholas P. Randall, B. Davis Noxon, and James R. Lawrence pleaded, and which was sometimes visited by such metropolitan advocates as Aaron Burr and Thomas Addis Emmet. The court-house was removed in 1829, not without vigorous protest from the Hill, to a lot midway between the villages of Salina and Syracuse. In Manlius, the Derne *Gazette*, the first newspaper within the present county limits, was published in 1806, and in the town is the flourishing village of Fayetteville, where President Cleveland's father preached and the son attended school in the late forties. Pompey is celebrated for the Academy, chartered in 1811, and always of a high grade, for the salubrity of its wind-swept hill, 1800 feet above sea-level, and for the number of distinguished persons it has produced—a fact which Pompey never forgets. Among these are Horatio Seymour, Charles B. Sedgwick, Artemus Bishop, George H. Williams, Luther R. Marsh, and "Grace Greenwood." In Skaneateles is the village of the same name, beautiful for situation, at the foot of the crystalline lake. It was the home of Jonas Earll, Jun., Freeborn G. Jewett, and Daniel Kellogg. In Elbridge is the Munro Collegiate Institute, endowed by Nathan Munro, of which Truman K. Wright, now in his eightieth year, has been for nearly forty years the principal. Baldwinsville, on the Seneca River, named after its founder and promoter, Dr. Jonas C. Baldwin, is the largest place in the county outside of Syracuse, is the seat of varied manufactures, and has several thousand inhabitants.

Syracuse, the central city of the State, is the fifth in size, and is a conspicuous illustration of rapid yet wholesome urban increase. Its site was a morass exhaling miasma, and a corduroy road was laid with difficulty upon its treacherous bed. It was shunned by the prospectors. Ephraim Webster, indeed, put his cabin within the present limits of the city, but soon abandoned it. Salt-boiling was begun in 1789 at Salina, commonly called "Salt Point," and at Geddes in 1793, but Syracuse proper had its first log house in 1800, and its first frame dwelling in 1806. In 1805 a grist-mill, long a landmark as the "Old Red Mill," was built, and Henry Walton, who owned nearly all the tract, sold half an acre to Henry Bogardus, upon which he erected a tavern, where the Empire House now stands. Struggling into being, and known successively as South Salina, Bogardus Corners, Milan, Corinth, and Cosset's Corners, it was in 1819 but an insignificant hamlet, with two frame houses besides the tavern. Then Judge Forman, with prevision equal to his perseverance, removed thither, cast his fortunes with it, and gave it real impetus. In 1820 John Wilkinson, the first postmaster, and subsequently one of its most enterprising citizens, supplied it with its permanent name, from the resemblance of its situation to that of the ancient city. A compulsory system of drainage improved its sanitary conditions, and helped to expel the fevers that had prevailed. The salt interest expanded and the canal was assured, so that when it was opened in 1825 the village was incorporated. Provision for the future was wisely made. Broad streets were planned, shade trees were planted, and parks were projected. The Syracuse Company, composed of Albany capitalists, which purchased most of the Walton tract, sold upon liberal terms, the residential lots usually having a frontage of four rods. Thus the yards were of goodly proportions, and there were no crowded tenements. The place was comely. As one overlooks it to-day it seems embowered in foliage. The hills at the east, west, and south enclose it in an amphitheatre, and Onondaga Lake ripples at the north. For over twenty years a pleasant village life went on—a life full of activities and of mutual helpfulness, not without the idyllic charm of a well-ordered rural community, where close acquaintanceship and neighborly offices obtain, and yet with the quickening aspiration for the freer opportunities, the further outreach, and the more alluring prizes which the city offers.

In 1847 Syracuse had a population of about 12,000, and was eager to assume the dignities and burdens of a municipality. It had been scourged by the cholera in 1832, ravaged by fire in 1834, and terribly afflicted by a powder explosion in 1841; but its progress was unchecked by calamity, and the public spirit of its citizens was unabated. There were manufactories and banks, water-works and telegraphic lines, canals and railways, public halls and daily newspapers, and the Syracuse House, with Philo N. Rust as landlord, had a national reputation for good cheer. The act which ordained the city and included Salina as the first ward was of date December 14, 1847. In March, 1848, Harvey Baldwin, a large real-estate-holder, whose fervid prophecies of municipal grandeur provoked something of ridicule, but which have been wellnigh fulfilled, was elected Mayor. The second chief magistrate was Elias W. Leavenworth, who had several times been president of the village, and to whom Syracuse is under the deepest obligations for the zeal with which he urged and the skill with which he consummated measures for local improvement. The State and the nation also had the benefit of his administrative talent.

Since the city was chartered it has enjoyed almost uniform material prosperity. It has had, indeed, some losses and crosses, such as the incendiary fires of 1856 and the prostration of the salt trade, to which it owes its primal impulse, but it speedily recovered from the one, and new industries have rendered it independent of the other. It has a population exceeding 100,000. It has outstripped Utica, Troy, and Albany, and the ratio of its increase is equal to that of Rochester. In 1887 it enlarged its boundaries by annexing Geddes and Danforth, which had already blended with it. It has nineteen wards. The assessed valuation of property is about $50,000,000. There are nine banks of discount, with a capital of $1,605,000 and over $1,000,000 surplus, a trust and deposit company with $100,000 capital, and two savings-banks, with aggregate assets of $20,000,000. It is estimated that over $4,000,000 is invested in incorporated companies. There are nine railways, radiating in all directions, and a network of electric lines. There are seventy churches and thirty public schools, including the High-School. There are a number of parochial schools, and St. John's Academy and the Academy of the Sacred Heart are under the supervision of the Regents of the University. Keble School is an excellent ladies' seminary, and Syracuse University is one of the leading institutions of higher education in the State. There are five English and two German daily, three Sunday, and several weekly journals, religious, educational, and miscellaneous. The business blocks are substantially built, although there are no sky-scrapers. The theatres and opera-houses are especially commodious and attractive. James Street is the avenue of fashion, and West Onondaga Street has many graceful designs in frame dwellings. Among eleemosynary institutions there are the Onondaga County Orphan Asylum, the Syracuse Home Association, St. Joseph's Hospital, and the House of the Good Shepherd. The New York State Asylum for Idiots is located in Syracuse.

Syracuse has been a political centre for half a century. It has failed in becoming the State capital, but it has, from its position, been a city of conventions, welcoming all parties, and tolerating all isms. Some of these conventions have been very notable, dramatic in their scenes, and providing abundant material for history; and it was in Syracuse, in 1857, that the slave Jerry was rescued, and the odious fugitive slave law nullified. Politically, historically, materially, socially, Onondaga has much to commemorate during the coming week.

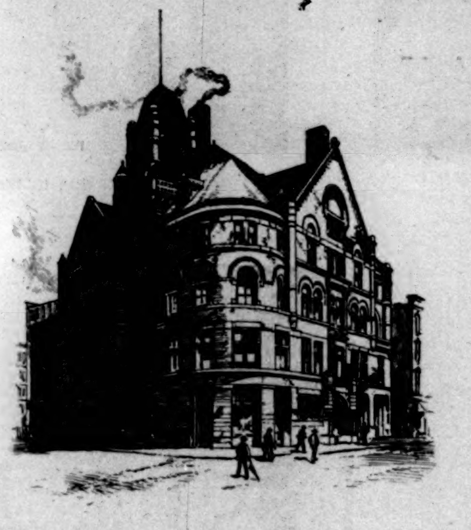
FIFTY YEARS AMONG THE WORLD'S YOUNG MEN.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

FROM whatever side you approach the edifice which has been under construction by the Young Men's Christian Association laborers for the past half-century you shall find it of peculiar interest.

While its architecture is composite, and thereby lacking in the eyes of those who stand for everything conservative, yet in the adaptation of all the schools there is that which makes it a structure, in the eyes of a large number of people on all sides of the globe, the most symmetrical yet constructed in the history of applied Christianity.

When you enter into even a surface study of its architecture you find the broad strong style of Methodism, fundamental and lasting; the coherence and persistence of the Baptist; the elastic conservatism of the Presbyterian; the rare ornateness and the devout strength of the Episcopalian; the unlax liberality of Congregationalism—all the leading schools of Protestant church architecture have been drawn upon in the work of putting up this building. Perhaps some day it will be still further adorned by the magnificent architecture of the Church of Rome.



THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Fifty years have been spent in the work. Fifty years is not such a long time as the centuries measure time, but it has been long enough to allow of a practical demonstration of the world-wide importance of the Y. M. C. A. movement. The movement is wholly undenominational. It began in an undenominational way, and it has never been swerved from its course. Its founder is living, Mr. George Williams, of the city of London, England.

On the 6th of June, 1844, Mr. Williams laid the foundation of the magnificent structure which is now the home of nearly or quite five hundred thousand young men, of all tongues under the sun, of all shades of religious belief, a vast army of citizens who in their collective strength represent, as perhaps it was never before represented, the power of unsectarian Christianity. The great jubilee which is in progress in London in commemoration of the fiftieth year of the founding of the association is a noble proof of the wide-spread influence of the organization which George Williams, when a young dry-goods clerk, founded for the mental, physical, and moral improvement of the young men with whom he came in contact.

From the handful of young men whom Mr. Williams associated together in his little bedroom in June, 1844, has grown a host. The latest statistics give in round numbers over four hundred and seventy-five thousand members. From its organization it has been kept strictly in the line of perfect freedom of thought on religious matters. It is not at all incumbent on a young man to be even a member of a church to belong to an association. In case, however, he is to be a delegate to one of the governing bodies of the organization, where he is to have a vote, he must be a member of some evangelical denomination. The object, or one object, of the association is to lead young men into a Christian life, but nothing is allowed to become obnoxious in the way of religious influence.

In less than ten years after the association was founded in London it spread to America; its principles came even before its organization. The first association in America, or, to be more precise, on this continent, was organized in Montreal, November 25, 1851. The first actual working organization in the United States under the London plan was the one started in Boston on the 29th of December of the same year. In 1853 there were twenty-three associations, and the following year there was a meeting in the city of Buffalo, New York—a conference of representatives of the various associations, the result of the efforts of the Rev. Chauncey Langdon, then a layman and a member of the Washington, D. C., association. He was deeply interested in the general organization of the association, believing that there was need of a general coherence of the isolated parts. Largely through his efforts the first conference of the associations of all lands was held in Paris in August, 1855.

The Buffalo meeting was the first conference of associations ever held among those who spoke the English tongue. It was shown at this conference that there were then in existence 268 associations—in Germany, 100; in Holland, 4; in France, 39; in Switzerland, 21; in Australasia, 3; in Turkey, 2; in Great Britain and Ireland, 42; in Canada, 4; in the United States, 53.

A central committee was appointed at this conference, the nucleus of the present international committee, which has been such a power in the right shaping of the destinies of the association. It now numbers forty-two members, with headquarters in the city of New York, a corporate body elected at the biennial sessions of the delegates from the American associations. It has general supervision of the entire field in this country, and overlooks the work of the young men who go out from America to found associations in Japan, China, India, and other remote portions of the world.

The movement spread South as well as North, and at the breaking out of the war there was a national organization in existence—the North American Confederation of Young Men's Christian Associations, and it was scheduled for a meeting in the city of St. Louis in the year 1861. But the last meeting of the Confederation was that held in New Orleans in 1860.

The organization in the North continued, however, and out of it grew one of the noblest movements in history—the United States Christian Commission soon after its organization associated with the Sanitary Commission. The Christian Commission was the result of a meeting held by representatives of various associations in October, 1861. During the war this commission, which was composed of some of the most prominent men of the times, distributed nearly three million dollars' worth of stores, and expended two and one-half million dollars in addition. Nearly five thousand men and women were sent to the hospitals and to the gospel work of the commission.

After the close of the war the association again took up its specific work, and the growth from that time has been phenomenal. Conventions were held as usual from year to year, and in 1869, at the meeting held in Portland, Maine, the following important resolution was presented:

> "*Resolved*, That as these organizations bear the name of Christian, and profess to be engaged directly in the Saviour's service, so it is clearly their duty to maintain the control and management of all their affairs in the hands of those who profess to love and publicly avow their faith in Jesus the Redeemer as divine, and who testify their faith by becoming and remaining members of the churches held to be evangelical, and that such persons and none other should be allowed to vote or hold office."

A committee was appointed, consisting of some of the most prominent leaders in the work, to consider the matter and report a definition of an "evangelical" church. This committee consisted of the Rev. Howard Crosby, of New York, the Rev. S. H. Lee, of Massachusetts, the Rev. G. M. Grant, of Nova Scotia, the Rev. H. C. Kellogg, of Rhode Island, and Major-General O. O. Howard, of Washington.

In the consideration of this point there was need of the most careful and tactful work, for in the decision lay the future of the association. This was the decision of the committee, and it was adopted as the opinion of the association:

> "And we hold those churches to be evangelical which, maintaining the Holy Scriptures to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice, do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ (the only begotten Son of the Father, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, in whom dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and who was made sin for us, though knowing no sin, bearing our sins in his body on the tree) as the only 'name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved' from everlasting punishment."

It early became apparent that the association must reach its ultimate end, the conversion of young men and the making of a better type of citizenship, by attracting young men to it by all legitimate plans. This has been one of the dominant ideas in the association work all these later years, and it is in force now as never before. In the earlier days the association was not so broad, not so catholic, as its leaders believed it should be, as they planned to make it. In these later days it has been broadened along all lines. It goes into all departments of a young man's life. It supplies him with an education if he cannot gain it elsewhere; it gives him as complete a physical training as is obtainable anywhere in the world; it provides him with congenial and elevating social surroundings; it helps him to reach the full stature of manhood; it supplies him with aids to life work, immediate and remote.

One of the most important parts of the work, indicated above, is that done in the gymnasiums of the association buildings throughout the world. The most complete equipment known, outside of the very wealthy colleges and private gymnasiums, belongs to this branch of the association work. There is in every association of any considerable size a physical director, a skilful man who has had the benefit of careful and systematic training, who directs the work of the gymnasium, and who sees to it that the young men and boys are trained in a healthful, hygienic way. In addition to the gymnasium work, all manner of outside athletics is fostered and encouraged, and entered into with all the assiduity and the enthusiasm of the college life of the day. Baseball, football, handball, rowing, foot-racing—every kind of the most interesting and helpful of athletics is incorporated in the physical work of the association.

In many of the associations there are elaborate courses in technical and scientific studies—such studies as do not usually come in the way of a good many young men who have had no college advantages. The training is thorough and very satisfactory.

In 1872 there was organized in the city of Cleveland the first railroad branch of the work, and in the twenty-two years which have since elapsed this department has grown to enormous proportions, and has been the means of doing an immeasurable amount of practical good—practical as distinguished from merely negative good.

The organization for railroad men spread rapidly, and it was not long before railroad presidents as well as railroad brakemen came to appreciate the value of the new work. The money which has been contributed for the advancement of this line of Y. M. C. A. work by the leading railroad corporations of America has reached a large sum, and many thousands of dollars are expended every year by the railroads to further the interests of the railroad branches. Some years ago Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt planned and erected a building in New York city for the use of the Central Railroad branch, at a cost, equipment included, of $250,000. At the recent opening of the addition to the building in New York city important addresses were made by Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, and others. The building had become too small, or, to be more exact, the attendance had become too great, and an addition was a necessity. Other railroad branches and buildings all over the United States bespeak the lively interest taken in this line of association work by the leading railroads.

In 1857-8 the work of the college association was first begun, though it did not gain great prominence until ten or fifteen years later. At the present time there are associations in the leading colleges of the country, in over four hundred institutions, having a membership running high in the thousands. In 1879 the first college association building was erected, at Princeton, and since that time other institutions have followed in the erection of buildings.

Good work has been done also in the line of associations for commercial travellers, and the great number of associations throughout the country affords these peripatetics an opportunity to find a helpful home in any city they may visit, whether there is a commercial travellers' branch there or not.

The Students' Volunteer movement, the offering of the services of thousands of young men and women from various denominations to go into the foreign fields as missionaries, is one of the remarkable outgrowths of the association. The watchword of this new movement is found in this: "The evangelization of the world in the present generation." Some five or six thousand students, representing forty-one denominations, are now preparing for the work, which is wholly unsectarian.

There are two training-schools for gymnasium leaders and for the education of general secretaries, one in Chicago, one in Springfield, Massachusetts, and these are valuable adjuncts to the work, in all the lines of which there is constant training for higher and better service.

Nothing has as yet been said of the deep interest taken in this movement by the men of wealth of all denominations the world over. Perhaps no religious or semireligious movement since the dawn of Christianity has had such splendid support from men of all denominations and no denomination as this. The shrewd business men, as well as the railroad presidents, have seen the wholesome restraining influence of the association, and they have been among the first to contribute to its advancement in the cities. These men have given steadily to the support of the association's work thousands upon thousands of dollars every year. Nineteen persons have given buildings to the association in America, none of which cost less than $11,000, and several of which cost upwards of $50,000, the whole nineteen costing upwards of $1,000,000. Sixty-eight persons have given outright $10,000 or more each, in sums running from that figure up to $125,000, and aggregating nearly $2,000,000. Bequests amounting to nearly $1,000,000 more have been made.

The Chicago association, which erected the first building in America for association work, has just completed a building which cost $1,700,000. The cities of the Old World have not been lacking in enterprise in the erection of buildings, the one in Berlin, costing $250,000, and the one in Paris, costing $200,000, being notable examples of the interest taken. The net value of the property owned by the associations in America to-day is over $15,000,000.

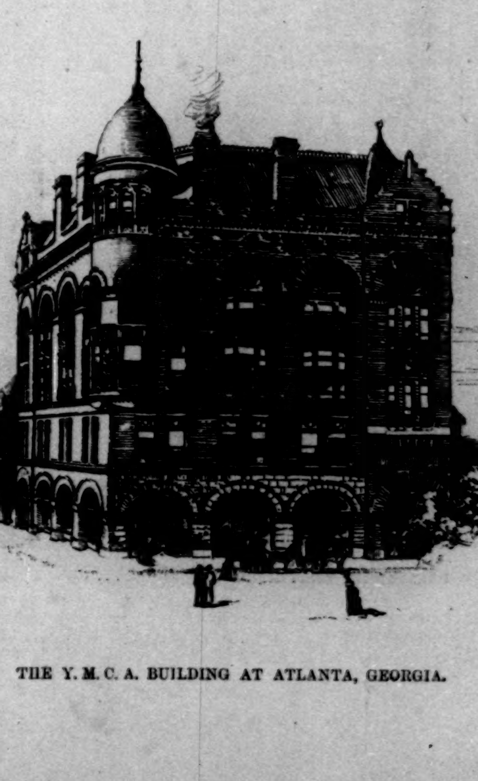
It may be of interest to make a decade contrast as to the growth of the association in the United States, in the form of a short tabular statement condensed from figures prepared by the International Committee in New York:

	1883.	1893.
Associations	868	1,439
Membership	108,000	250,000
Paid officers	388	1,282
Buildings	80	291
Net property	$3,900,000	$15,211,039
Current expenses	$680,000	$2,350,000
Reading-rooms	379	840
Libraries	312	660
Volumes	240,000	470,000
Gymnasiums	33	500
Training classes	15	470

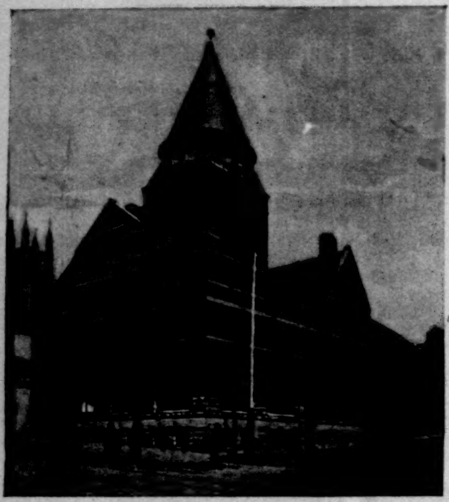
The association has spread remarkably throughout the world. There are associations in full working order in the various countries as follows:

North America, 1439; South America and West Indies, 11; Great Britain and Ireland, 658; France, 95; Germany, 1005; Belgium, 33; Holland, 744; Denmark, 123; Switzerland, 392; Norway and Sweden, 134; Italy, 50; Spain, 12; Austria-Hungary, 11; Russia, 9; Bulgaria, 1; Greece, 1; Turkey, 25; Persia, 3; Syria, 16; India, 79; China, 8; Japan, 29; Africa, 36; Oceania, 31.

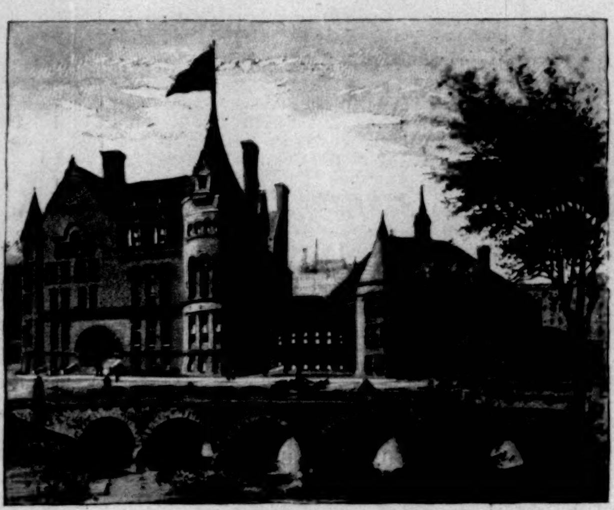
As has been noted, the association now numbers in these



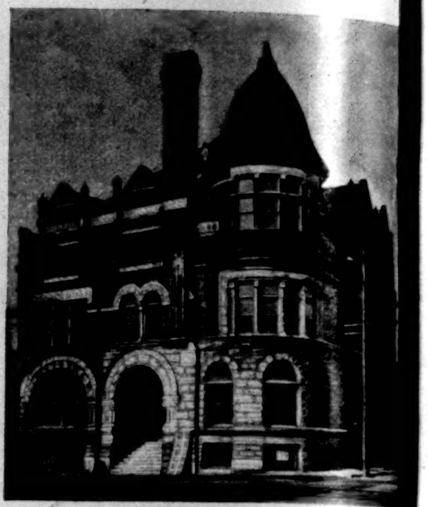
THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.



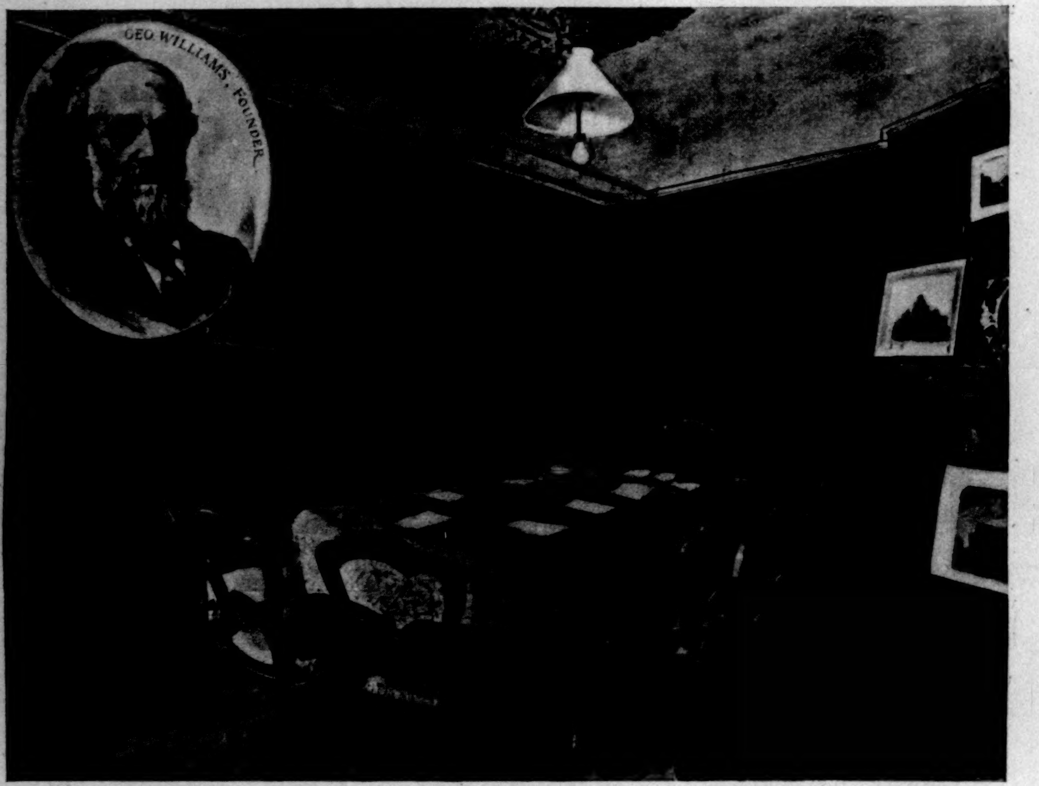
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.



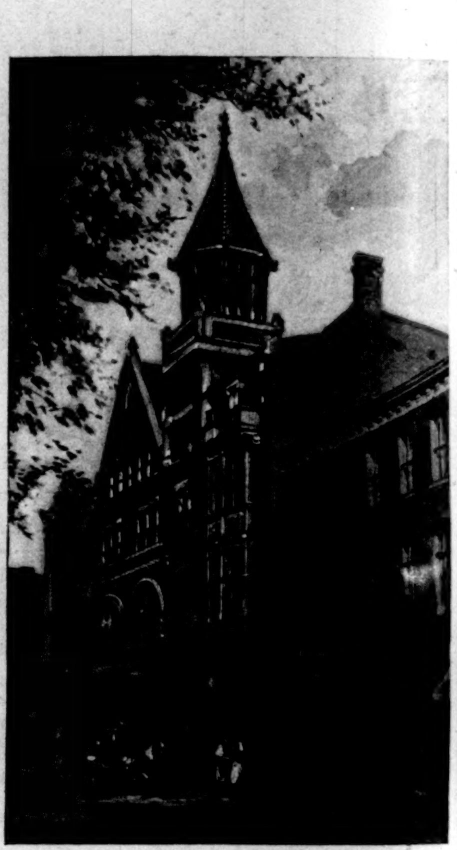
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.



ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

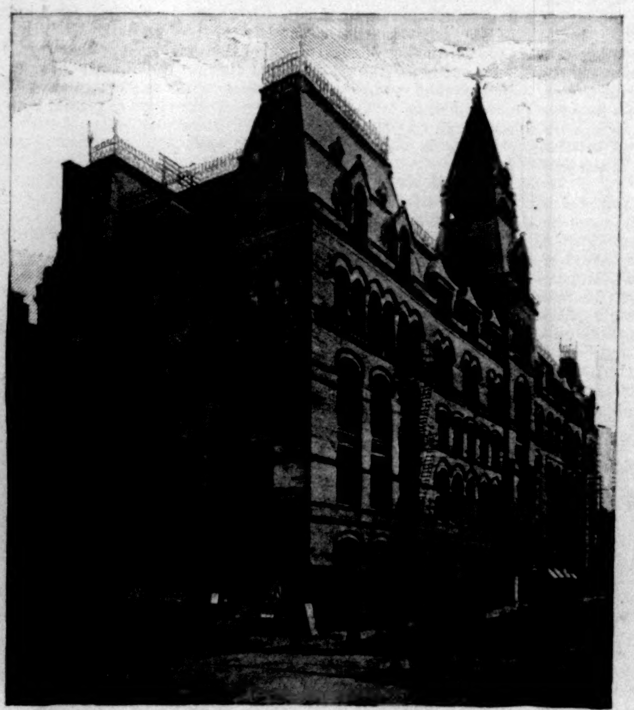


WHERE THE FIRST Y.M.C.A. COMMITTEE MEETING WAS HELD, NO. 75 ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

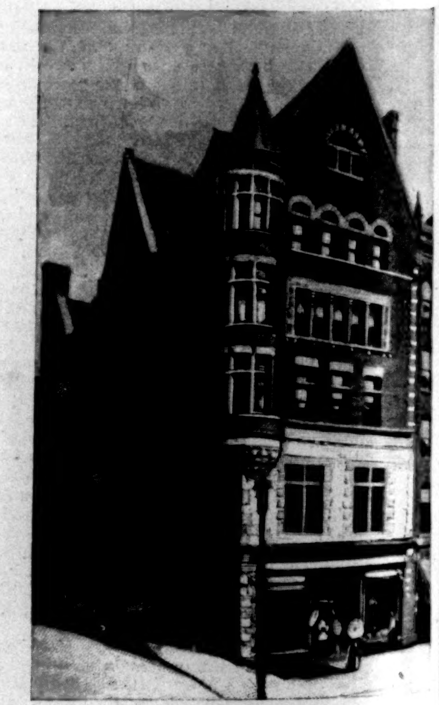


WILKESBARRE, PENNSYLVANIA.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

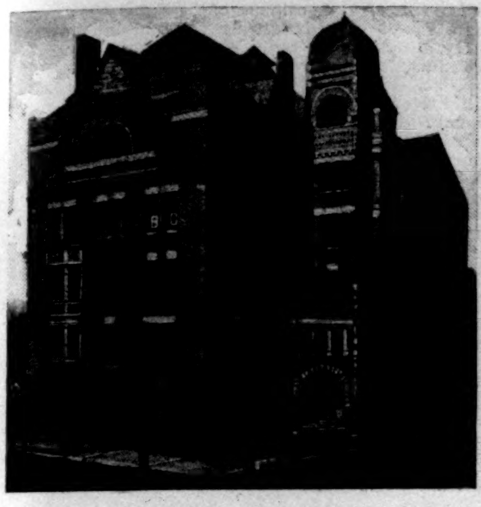


PHILADELPHIA CENTRAL BRANCH, FIFTEENTH STREET.



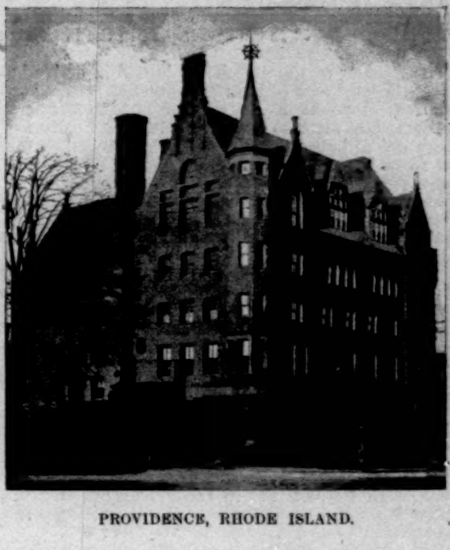
ALBANY, NEW YORK.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN AS

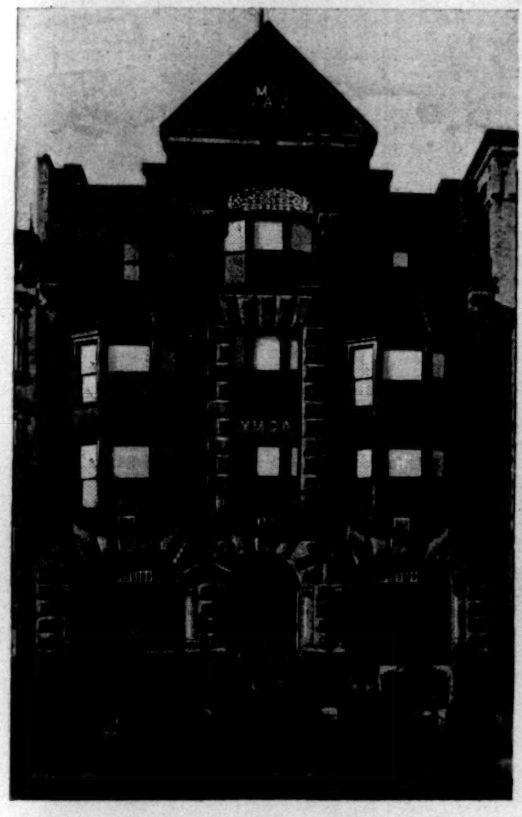


DES MOINES, IOWA.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

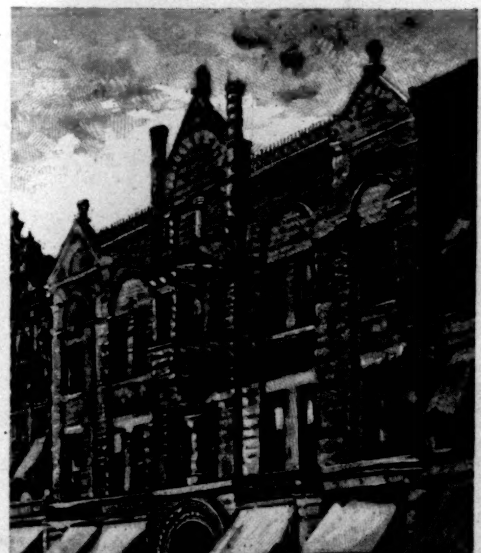


PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.



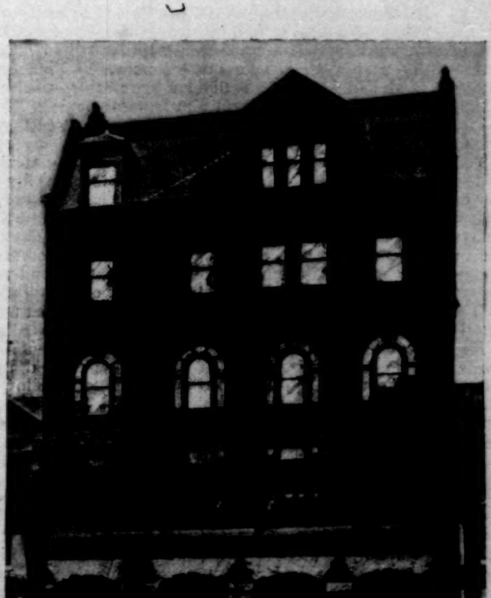
HARLEM BRANCH, NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK, CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND FOURTH AVENUE.



INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.



YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE, THE BOWERY, NEW YORK

ASSOCIATION—A FEW OF THE BUILDINGS IN THE UNITED STATES.

various lands nearly 500,000 young men, the most of them between the ages of eighteen and thirty. They are not only guided into membership in the powerful evangelical denominations in large numbers, but they are made better citizens, more fully equipped to take their part in the important acts of city, state, and nation.

The founder of the association is still in active business life at the head of a large firm in London, employing many hundreds of young men. In spite of his extreme age he maintains his vigor to a remarkable extent. He has kept intact the little bedroom in which the association was born—a room in which centres much that is of interest to the association the world over. I received, not long since, in response to an inquiry, a letter from Mr. Williams, in which he enclosed a clipping, from a London paper, of a recent authorized interview, and from which I give the following extract:

"It should never be forgotten that the chief characteristic of the work of the Y.M.C.A. is that it is a spiritual work. This is its distinguishing glory. We are prepared to adapt our methods to the constantly changing requirements of the times, but we believe that spiritual results can only be accomplished by spiritual means. The main object of the Y.M.C.A. is to lead young men to the Saviour.

"The outlook is most hopeful. As yet we have only touched the fringe of our possibilities. But I think a great future is before us. It is big with promise.

"The young men found to-day in the great houses of this city are of an altogether better class than they were when I commenced business life in London fifty-three years ago. There is a much higher tone about them; there is not so much intemperance or immorality as there was.

"If a young man gets under the influence of a Young Men's Christian Association he is improved immensely in every way; it sharpens his intellect, helps him to preserve health and vigor, makes him a reliable, trusty man, and thus contributes to his success."

It is of interest to note that while the Y.M.C.A. as now constituted is the most powerful and widespread institution in the world for young men, there have been many other institutions in this and other lands prior to the date of the organization of the association instituted in the interests of young men. The Central International Committee, from its headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland, has recently sent out a review of the earlier organizations in the interest of young men, showing that there were associations, practically under the same general plan, organized as follows: Basle, Switzerland, 1825; Glasgow, Scotland, 1824; Bremen, Germany, 1834; Paisley, Scotland, 1834; Frankfort-on-the-Main, 1835; Barmen, Germany, 1836; Gütersloh, Germany, 1838; Joellenbeck, Germany, 1838; Ebersfeld, Germany, 1838; Carlsruhe, Germany, 1839; Greenock, Scotland, 1839; Banff, Scotland, 1840; Edinburgh, Scotland, 1840; Ronsdorf, Germany, 1842; Stettin, Germany, 1843; Crefeld, Germany, 1843.

It is this Central International Committee which regularly calls the associations together in an international gathering every three years, to consult upon the work of the association throughout the world. The formal call for the triennial meeting to be held in London, in connection with this great jubilee, was issued from this committee in Geneva.

While speaking of this early work of a religious nature among young men, it is to be noted that there was no small amount of it done in the days of the colonies and in the earlier years of our more complete governmental life. There were religious societies for young men organized more than two centuries ago in New England. Cotton Mather was a moving spirit in these societies, and I am enabled, through the courtesy of Mr. J. T. Bowne, librarian of the Historical Library of the association in Springfield, Massachusetts, to make an extract from a hitherto unpublished manuscript of Cotton Mather, now in the family of the late Judge Skinner, of Chicago. Cotton Mather died in 1728, and shortly before his death he prepared an account of his life—the manuscript referred to above. In it he says, referring to a time in 1667, when he was about fourteen years of age.

"One singular advantage to me while I was thus a lad was my acquaintance with and relation to a society of young men in our town who met every evening after the Lord's day for the services of religion. There we constantly prayed, both before and after the repetition of a sermon, and sang a psalm, taking our turns in such devotions. We then had a devout question, proposed a week before, whereto any one present gave what answer he pleased, and I still concluded the answer. As the Lord made poor me to be a little useful unto these and other meetings of young people in my youth, so He made these meetings very useful unto me. Their love to me, their prayers for me, and my probationary essays among them had a more than ordinary influence upon my after-improvement."

In 1683 a similar organization was effected in the south part of Boston for "the prevention of the mischief arising from vain company, and as a nursery for the church there."

Along in 1694 there was perfected an organization with certain governing rules which were of a class with many of the Puritan publications of the day. Other young men's organizations were made, and one formed in 1786 by some of the students of Harvard College is of special interest. In the publication of their principles it is set forth that they had "formed a society which, laying to heart the too general decay of serious piety in the professors of it (Harvard), resolved upon essays to speak often unto one another, and in the sweetest method of brotherly love watch over one another, and carry on some suitable exercises of religion together, but unto many more whom they might be concerned for."

In 1831, in New York city, there was organized, by David Nasmith, of Glasgow, a general supervisory board known as "The American Young Men's Society," which was to promote the moral interests of the young men of the United States by uniting them in an association for mutual improvement and benevolent effort. It was planned to organize similar associations in all the towns and cities of the country. The name "Young Men's Societies" was quite generally adopted. Efforts to spread the movement were assiduously made, and there were as many as thirty societies in the United States and Canada in 1831; but there was something lacking in the organization, and they passed out of existence in a few years.

But the present movement, the Y.M.C.A. of to-day—the Y.M.C.A. which the venerable George Williams has seen grow to its present marvellous proportions—possesses a clear title to its past splendid history, and stands out to-day the most commanding figure among the many movements for the advancement of the world's young men since the dawn of the Christian era. One thing which the association workers have fully believed in is printer's ink. In many of the larger associations there is published an individual association bulletin, issued monthly, in which all the matters of peculiar local interest to that association are set forth from month to month. In a still wider way the association reaches the world through the columns of the *Young Men's Era*, an international weekly illustrated paper published in Chicago in the interests of the association. It is the only publication of its kind in the world. It has a high standard of merit, and is popular. It is edited by a strong corps of skillful men, under the managing editorship of Mr. J. E. Defe[illegible]ugh. Allied to this is the work of Mr. J. T. Bowne, of Springfield, Massachusetts, in charge of the Historical Library of the American associations. Mr. Bowne has given much of his time in the past ten years to accumulating, classifying, and arranging all manner of material relating to the earlier and later history of the association movement in America and the world. Advanced sheets from his annual report for 1894 show that there are upwards of four thousand books, pamphlets, valuable manuscripts, and periodicals in the library, a mass of material which will constantly increase in value as the years come and go. The wide, world-wide, spread of the association movement is indicated in many ways, but not more clearly or conspicuously than in the fact that in this library there are to-day publications of various kinds pertaining to the Y.M.C.A. work in twenty different languages—German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Welsh, Russian, Bohemian, Hebrew, Arabic, Hungarian, Finnish, Japanese, Chinese, Dakota (North American Indian), Tamil, and Mahratti.

From whatever side we approach the magnificent edifice the Young Men's Christian Association has been rearing, we shall find it the most stately temple to the power and prowess of unsectarian Christianity erected in modern times.

The reports which come to us of the great meeting to be held these early June days in the city of London indicate that the association enters upon its second half-century better equipped than ever before to carry on its work, with untold possibilities before it for developing and virilizing the young men of the world.

The first service in the Y.M.C.A. jubilee in London will be held in Westminster Abbey, a change from the original programme having been made. This privilege, and the granting of the use of St. Paul's Cathedral for the jubilee celebration proper, are indications of the high regard felt for the men and the movement in England. Later provisions of the programme also arrange for a great demonstration in Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, where refreshments will be served; athletic exercises will be conducted under a director from Liverpool; a bust of George Williams will be unveiled by one of the royal princes; and choruses from well-known oratorios will be rendered by one thousand voices. The hall seats eight thousand people. Twenty thousand dollars has been voted by the corporation of the city of London to provide for the reception which will be given by the Lord Mayor of London and the two sheriffs in the Guildhall. The Queen, who is much interested in the movement, throws open her private grounds at Windsor Palace to the delegates on the occasion of the excursion on June 7th. The conference will be allowed to inspect the Prince Albert Mausoleum—a favor never vouchsafed before, so it is said, to a public body. On every day dinner will be served in a great marquee erected on the Thames Embankment near Exeter Hall. One thousand clergymen throughout England will consider the work of the Y.M.C.A. in their sermons of June 3d.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER VI.

"DISILLUSIONS."

As soon as he could get away next morning Matt drew on his oversocks and started for home, racked by indefinite fears. He had not troubled to rouse Tommy to take his watch, for he knew he himself would not sleep a wink, and it seemed a pity to disturb so deep and healthy a slumber; so he bustled about to blur his thoughts, and had breakfast ready an hour after sunrise, which his anxiety did not prevent him from observing. To see sky and forest take fire in gradual glory was an ecstasy transcending the apprehensions of the moment.

Tommy had asked no questions during the morning meal, and made no complaints about Matt's failure to rouse him, but on being apprised of his companion's intended journey he had pointed to the scanty wood-pile—a reminder that had delayed Matt by a couple of hours spent in felling and chopping up a staddle or two. But at last he got away, Tommy undertaking, in a minimum of monosyllables, to attend to everything else. Matt felt afresh the strength and stability of Tommy. Tommy was like Sprat—firm, faithful, and uninquisitive.

He had five miles of clogged walking before him, but he made fairly good progress, for he was unencumbered by snow-shoes, having a light step and an instinct for hollows and drifts, and his oversocks, which reached beyond the knee, kept out the snow when he trod deep. The freshness and buoyancy of the morning dispelled his alarm; dread was impossible under that wonderful blue sky. But as he got deeper and deeper into the recesses, under thick boughs that shut out the living blue with dead gray and took the sparkle from the snow, his gloom returned and lasted till he was nearly at his journey's end, when the road caught the sunlight again just as the thought of home flooded his soul. And soon a bend brought the goal in sight. There it was, the dear old house, standing back from the road in the midst of its little clearing, the sun shining on its logs, though its panes were still opaque with frosty designs. The smoke curled tranquilly from the chimney towards the overarching azure, making the home seem a warm living creature whose breath was thus condensed to visibility. It seemed months since he had left it, yet it was absolutely unchanged. And then he heard the cock crow from the rear, and his last fears vanished like evil spirits of the night, and a wave of pleasurable anticipation bore him to the porch.

He opened the door: no one ever locked doors, for burglars came only in the milder forms of peddlers, and other visitors were accustomed to stable their horses and take their seats at the board without ceremony or warning. It was not far from noon, but he heard no sounds about the house, except the crowing of the cock, which continued, and brought up to memory a grotesque and long-obliterated image of his mother holding on to the leg of a soaring hawk that had picked up a chicken. He listened for the lowing of Daisy, then remembering she was dead and salted, he moved forwards into the passage. But he found nobody in the living-room. There was not even a fire. The clumsy spinning-wheel stood silent. The table was bare and tidy; the chairs were neatly ranged. He ran into the kitchen: it radiated bleaker desolation. Matt fought against the cold chill that was gathering at his heart. Of course there would be nobody at home. Harriet was sewing somewhere, most of the children were at school, and his mother, instead of leaving the baby in the kitchen with one of them, must have taken it with her to her work. And yet it was very depressing and very disappointing. Then he remembered with a fresh shock the smoke he had seen curling from the roof, and for an instant he was depressed by a sense of the uncanny. An atmosphere of horror seemed to brood over the house. But the recollection of a proverb of Deacon Hailey's, "There's no smoke without fire—hey?" uttered in a moment of unusual articulateness, brought back commonsense. He ran up to the lower bedrooms that had stoves, but there was no hint of warmth, except in his mother's text-hung room, where the bed had not been made, and there were traces of extinct logs. Immeasurably puzzled, and wondering if the smoke had been an optical illusion, he returned to the living-room. There was only one room he had not gone into—the best room—and when he at last recollected the existence of it, he did not immediately enter it. Only visitors had the enjoyment of this room and the privilege of sitting gingerly on its cane chairs, and in the absence of the family there could be no reception in progress. When, for the sake of logical exhaustiveness, he did approach the door, it was listlessly and with a certain constraint, amounting to awe. His nostrils already scented the magnificent mustiness of its atmosphere. He opened the door with noiseless reverence. Then he stood rigid, like one turned to stone by the sight of the Medusa's head. It was, indeed, a head that petrified him, or rather two heads, one pressed against the other. Though he had only a back view of them he knew them both. The lank black hair was Bully Preep's, the long brown tresses Harriet Strang's. His sister sat before the fire on Abner's knee, and Abner sat on a cane chair, tilting it with a familiarity that hovered on contempt. The treble shock was too great. Matt was dumb and sick and cold, though red-hot thoughts hurtled in his brain. What! The skunk had sneaked in during his mother's absence, and it was thus that Harriet did the honors!

He struggled to get his voice back. "Harriet!" he cried, in raucous remonstrance.

Harriet gave a little shriek, and turned her head. The color fled from her soft cheeks as she caught sight of her outraged junior, then the blush returned in fuller crimson. Matt fixed her with a stern imperious eye.

"What are you doing in the best room?" was the phrase that leaped to his angry lips.

Abner turned on him a face of smiling friendship.

"The best thing," he replied, gayly.

"How dare you kiss my sister?" thundered Matt.

"Don't be a fool, Matt," said Abner, amiably. "She isn't on'y your sister, she's my wife."

"Your wife!" breathed Matt.

"Yes; don't be streaked, dear. We were married yesterday." And Harriet disentangled herself from Abner and ran to throw her arms round Matt. But the boy repulsed her with a commanding gesture.

"Don't come near me!" he cried, huskily. "Where's mother? Does she know?"

"Oh, Matt!" cried Harriet, reproachfully, "d' you think I'd marry without her consent?"

"I call it rael mean, anyways," he cried, tears of vexation getting into his eyes and his voice, "to take advantage of a feller like that, jest because his back's turned."

"Waal, we won't do it agen!" cried Abner, with unshakable good humor. "See here, Matt," and he rose too, revealing the slight tendency to crookedness of lower limb that offended the exigent eye of his mother-in-law. "Let's be pals. You were allus a spunky little chap, and I liked you from the day you stood up agen me and blacked my eye, though you had to jump up a'most to reach it. I was a beast in them days, but I raelly ain't now, thanks to Harriet—God bless her! I know you don't like my legs," he added, with a flash of humor, "but there's on'y two of 'em, anyways."

"And that's two too many, you crawlin' reptile," retorted Matt. Then turning to Harriet, he went on in slow measured accents. "And is this—man—goin' to—live here?"

"He is so," answered Harriet.

"Then," said Matt, with ominous calm—"then you won't hev me here, thet's all."

"Of course we won't," said Harriet, with a pleasant laugh. "You'll live with mother."

"With mother!" repeated Matt, staring.

"Yes; down to Deacon Hailey's."

"Has mother gone to live to Deacon Hailey's?" he asked, excitedly.

"You bet!" put in Abner, grinning genially.

"What—altogether?" exclaimed Matt. The world seemed going round as it did in the geography books.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1950.

"I calc'late so."

"I won't hev it!" cried Matt, agitatedly. "I won't hev her slavin' like a nigger. It was bad enough afore, when she hed to go there every day. But now she's naught but a servant. It's a shame, I do declare. And you, Harriet!" he said, turning fiercely on her again, "ain't you 'shamed o' yourself drivin' mother out of house and home?"

"No," said Harriet, stoutly.

The laughter that lurked about her mouth filled him with a trembling presentiment of the truth.

"Don't you understand?" said Abner, kindly. "Your mother's been and gone and married the deacon, and a good thing for all o' you, I do allow."

"You're a liar!" hissed the boy. The world spun round more fiercely.

Abner shrugged his shoulders good-temperedly. "You see, it was all arranged in a hurry, Matt," said Harriet, deprecatingly. "An' mother thought we'd best get it all over, an' so we were both married yesterday, and we thought it a pity to bother you to come all the way. But you heven't finished, hev you? Where's the sugar?"

"An' a nice scendal, I vow," he cried, furiously. "Everybody is talkin' about it."

"Oh, come, Matt, thet's a good 'un," laughed Abner. "Why, you've heerd nothin' 'bout it."

"Oh, heven't I?" returned Matt, with sullen mysteriousness. "I don't know thet everybody went there and everybody said it was a shame. Oh no, I'm blind and deaf, thet's what I am."

"Don't make such a tous, Matt," said Harriet, putting her hair behind her ears with some calmness. "Don't you see things are ever so much better? I've got a man to support me," and she put her arm lovingly round Abner's neck as if supporting him, "and mother 'll be quite a lady, not a servant, as you were silly 'nough to allow, and you won't hev to work so hard. And I'll tell you what, Matt, you shall come here sometimes and draw your picters, and mother won't know."

But Matt clinched his teeth. The bait was tempting, but unfortunately it reminded him of his obedience to his mother the night before, when in deference to her views he had denied himself the joy of Tommy's pipe. Oh, how he had been duped and bamboozled! At the very hour his inner eye saw her toiling sorrowful at her spinning-wheel, she was frolicking at her wedding ball in gay attire. A vast self-compassion softened his indignation and raw misery. He turned his back on the newly married couple and strode from the house, lest they should misinterpret his tears. But the tears did not come; anger rekindling evaporated them unshed. What right had the deacon to steal his mother without even asking him? And how ignoble of his mother to forget his father thus! He figured Ruth Hailey replacing himself by another boy merely because he was dead. It seemed sacrilege. And yet no doubt Ruth was as bad as the rest of her sex. Had she not submitted tamely to the supplanting of her dead mother; nay, was she not a necessary accomplice in the conspiracy to keep him ignorant of the double marriage? Then he had a vague remembrance that he had once heard she was not originally the deacon's daughter, but only the late Mrs. Hailey's, which somehow seemed to exonerate her from the full burden of his doings. Still, she had unquestionably been sly.

No, he would not go and live with the deacon, not even though it brought Ruth within daily proximity. His attitude towards the deacon had never been cordial, nay, the auditory strain upon him when "ole Hey" spoke to him had gone far towards making it antipathetic. It seemed monstrous that such an old mumbler should have been deemed fit to replace the cheery sailor who had gone down wrapped in his flag. No, Matt at least would have none of him. Life under his roof would be a discord of jarring memories. He would go back to the woods and live there. He would shoot enough to live upon, and there, alone and self sufficient and free as its denizens, he would pass his life painting and sketching. Or, if he wanted society, he would seek that of the Indian, the simple noble Indian, and pitch his lot with his for a time or forever. Or perhaps Tommy would stay with him—Tommy who was deep without being wily, and restful without being dull. What a pity Billy was disabled! They might have seceded together, but fate had separated them, not his will.

The sky had grown a shade duller, but he trod the gloomiest paths unchilled. His heart was hot with revolt. As he came to the little open space round the hut a curious phenomenon arrested his attention. There was no smoke curling above the chimney-hole. A problem the exact reverse of that which had greeted him at the other terminus of his journey clamored for solution. Surely Tommy had not let the fire go out. He hastened his steps, and saw that the door stood wide open on its leather hinges, projecting outwards into the forest. Outside, too, empty birch-bark troughs were scattered about in lieu of being piled up neatly. The air of desolation sobered him like a cold douche. He was frightened. He had not even courage to dwell on the thought of what foreboding whispered. But perhaps Tommy had only gone to sleep again, and forgotten about the fire. With a gleam of hope he ran to the entrance, then leaped back with a wild thrill and slammed the door to and put his back to it and stood palpitating, restrained only by excitement from breaking down in childish tears. The interior of the hut had been transformed as by enchantment. Of barrels, axes, iron-ware, blankets, even of his rude paints, there was not a trace, though the birch-bark picture exhibition was undisturbed. The birch boughs were littered over the floor. There was no Tommy. But in the centre of the cabin where the fire had been lay a fluffy Canadian bear, voluptuously curled upon the warm ashes and licking the mellifluous soil, which was syrup-sodden by drops that had fallen from the sap-pot. The beautiful sunshine had lured the animal from its winter sleeping-chamber, famished after its long fast.

It was a moment Matt never forgot; one of those moments that age and embitter. As he stood with squared shoulders against the rough battened door, that was built of stout slabs, he shook from head to foot with mingled emotions. Numb misery alternated with burning flashes of righteous indignation against humanity, red and white. And with it all was a stirring of the hunter's instinct—an itching to shoot the creature on the other side of the door—that aggravated his vexation by the reminder that even his gun had been stolen. It eased him a little to let his mind dwell on the prospect of potting such glorious game; but first of all he must run Tommy to earth. Tommy could not have got far, burdened as he would be with the spoil.

The broken-hearted boy moved stealthily from the door and pushed up a small trunk that he had cut down that morning, but not yet chopped up. With some difficulty he raised this and propped it against the door, which, being already latched, could not easily be burst open by the bear. The creature was, moreover, likely to resume its winter nap in the snug sweet quarters in which it found itself. Having thus trapped his bear, Matt started off by a cross-cut in the direction of the Indian encampment to which he presumed Tommy would naturally have returned full-handed. But he had not gone a hundred yards before he called himself a fool, and ran back. In his agitation he had forgotten to note the trail of the sled in which Tommy must have drawn off the things. This he now discovered ran quite in the opposite direction. Whither had Tommy decamped? The day seemed made up of surprises and puzzles. However, there was everything to gain, or rather regain, by following the dusky young impostor. Matt discovered that the trail led towards Long Village, two miles off, and instantly it flashed upon him that Tommy had gone there to dispose of the things. He quickened his pace, and in less than twenty minutes strode into a truer solution of the mystery, for suddenly he found himself amid dogs grubbing in the sunshine, and swaddled papooses swinging on the poles of birch-bark wigwams, and perceived that the vagrant Micmacs had shifted their encampment during the fortnight. Tommy's knowledge of the migration argued secret correspondence, unless a tribal tempter had visited him accidentally during Matt's absence, which seemed improbable.

Matt's heart was hot with wrath and resentment. He rushed about among the wigwams, unceremoniously peering into them. Bow-legged, round-shouldered, dumpy men, with complexions of grayish copper, squatted cross-legged on fir boughs, smoked on unresentful. Their faces had nothing of the American hatchet-shape; they would have been round but for the angularity of the jaw, and Chinese but for the eyes, which did not shut upwards but were beady and wide apart. The cheek-bones were high, the nose was of a negro flatness, and the straight black hair was long and matted. In attire the men had an air of shabby civilization, which went ill with the blankets and skins overwrapping the white men's leavings. There were women, too—good-looking but greasy—who wore shawls and blankets over their kerchiefed heads and smoked as gravely as their lords. But Tommy was invisible. Nor could Matt see anything of the stolen goods. But in one tent he found Tommy's father, and plied him with indignant questions in a mixture of bad English and worse Indian.

Tommy's father understood little and knew nothing; he smoked on peacefully and whittled a shaving; and Matt's admiration of the red man's taciturnity died a painful death. Had Tommy's father not even seen Tommy? No; Tommy's father had not seen Tommy for half a moon, and the smoke curled peacefully round Tommy's father's greasy head. Never had the unspeakable uncleanliness of the picturesque figure struck Matt as it did now. He moved away with heavy heart and heavy footstep, and interviewed other Indians equally dingy and equally reticent; even the squaws kept the secret.

Matt went back in despairing anger and poured out his passion in a flood of remonstrance upon the unwashed head of Tommy's father: he pointed to the trail of the sled that drew up at Tommy's father's tent, he reasoned, he threatened, he clinched his fist and stamped his foot; and Tommy's father smoked the pipe of peace and whittled the shaving. The Indian held the stick on his knee and drew the knife towards himself, unlike the white man, who cuts away from himself. It was a crooked knife, with a notch for the thumb in the handle. Matt's spirit oozed away before its imperturbable movement to and fro. He felt sick and faint; he became vaguely conscious that he had eaten nothing since breakfast. Then he remembered the bear waiting in the cabin—waiting to be killed. With a happy thought he informed Tommy's father that he had trapped a bear and could conduct him to the spot, and Tommy's father instantly began to understand him better, and when Matt proceeded to offer him the bear in exchange for the stolen goods, the Micmac betrayed a complete comprehension of the offer. He even rose and held colloquy with some of his brethren gathered round. A bear was a valuable property—dead. His snout alone was worth five dollars, when presented as a death-certificate to a grateful government, anxious to extinguish him. These five dollars were a great consideration to a tribe paid mainly in kind, and hard pushed to find coin for the annual remission of sin at the hands of the priests. The bear's skin would fetch four or five dollars more; while his three or four hundred pounds of flesh would set up the larder for the season. As a result of the native council, Tommy's father informed Matt that he had just learnt Tommy had been seen that morning, but that he had hauled the sled past the encampment on his way to Long Village to sell the freight (which nobody had suspected was not his own property, the little damn thief). He had, however, left a gun with a boy friend, and if Matt was content to swop the bear for this, he could have it. Matt, fuming at his own helplessness, consented. The gun was accordingly produced; Matt recognized his old friend, but Tommy's father explained in easy pantomime that when bear was dead boy would get gun, and not before; and he handed it to a blanketless by-stander (who had evidently bartered external heat for internal fire-water). Then, shouldering his own gun, he motioned to Matt to lead the way. The little procession of three set forth, the second Indian prudently providing himself with a sled. The afternoon was waning, the blue overhead had lost in luminousness, leaving the colors of earth more vivid. But the shifting of nature's kaleidoscope had ceased to interest Matt; humanity occupied him exclusively, and the evil that was done under the sun. Man or woman, white or red, they were all alike—a skulking, shifty breed. It was not only he that had been betrayed—it was truth, it was honor. Were these things, then, merely lip-babble?

On their arrival at the hut Matt explained the position. He was about to remove the log that braced up the door, but Tommy's father pulled him violently back, and gestured that it was much more convenient to shoot the animal through the chimney-hole. Matt felt a qualm of disgust and remorse. It seemed cowardly to give the poor beast that had taken refuge in his hut no chance. He leant sullenly against the door, feeling almost like one who has betrayed the laws of hospitality, and conscious, moreover, of a strange savage sympathy with the bear in its strife with humanity. His last respect for the noble red man vanished when the two Micmacs clambered upon the low-pitched roof. They uttered "ughs" of satisfaction as they peeped over the great square hole and perceived their prey asleep. After some amiable banter of the animal they began to put their guns into position. But Tommy's father insisted on having the glory of the deed, since he was paying for the bear with Matt's gun, and his rival ungraciously yielded. In his cocksureness, however, Tommy's father merely hit the bear's shoulder. The creature started up with a fierce growl, and began biting savagely at the bleeding wound. Excited by his failure and the brute's leap up, Tommy's father leant more over the hole for his second shot, but his companion, exclaiming that it was his turn now, pushed him back, and strove to get his body in front. Tommy's father, who was now effervescing with excitement, thrust himself forward still, and in his zeal succeeded so well that he suddenly found himself flying head-foremost into the hut, while the gun went off at random. The bullet missed, but the man struck the obfuscated creature with a thud, ricochetted off its back, and lay prostrate on the branch-strewn floor.

The sound of the fall, the explosion, the cry of dismay from the roof, informed Matt of what had happened. In a flash his sympathy went back to man. He cried to the other Indian to shoot, but the latter's arm was shaking, and the bear, after a few seconds of bewilderment, had risen on its hind legs and stood over the fallen Indian, growling fiercely, so that he was afraid of hitting his friend. Matt reached up impatiently for his gun, which the Micmac readily handed him in unforeseen violation of orders, and Matt, overthrowing the door-prop with the butt end, lifted the latch and dashed in. Tommy's father was already in the bear's grip, the infuriated animal's elastic fore paws beginning to press horribly upon his ribs. Matt clapped the barrel of the gun to the bear's ear; then he was overswept by a fearsome doubt lest the gun had been unloaded since it had left his hands. But his suspense was short. He pressed the trigger; there was a ringing explosion, and the creature bounded into the air, relaxing its hold of the Indian, upon whom it fell again in its death-agony. Matt, aided by the other Micmac, who hurried in, grunting, disentangled Tommy's father from the writhing heap, and found him bruised and breathless, but practically uninjured. Tommy's father vowed eternal gratitude to his rescuer, and said his life was henceforwards at Matt's disposal. The boy curtly asked for his property instead, whereupon the Indian shook his head and shrugged his shoulders in token of impotence. Rolling the bear over with a prod of his contemptuous foot, he produced his knife and started scalping and skinning the dead enemy, while his brother in arms lit some boughs and cut a juicy steak from the carcass and set it to broil. The warmth was grateful, for the shadows were fast gathering, and the hyperborean hours returning. A covey of bob-whites whirred past, and the cry of a whip-poorwill was borne on the bleak air.

The Indians offered the boy "a cut from the joint," and he refused sulkily. But the keen pangs of hunger and the delicious odor of the meat weakened him, and a later invitation to join the squatting diners found him ravenously responsive, though he felt he had bartered away his righteous indignation for a mess of pottage. During the meal his guests or his hosts (he knew not which they were) betrayed considerable interest in his mural decorations, which they evidently regarded as symptoms of a relapse from Christianity, and they were astonished, too, at his refusal to quaff more than a mouthful or two of their rum—the coarse concoction locally nicknamed "rotgut." While Matt, who had started last, was still eating from the birch-bark dish he had utilized for the purpose, Tommy's father lit his after-dinner pipe, and having taken a few whiffs, passed it on to his companion, who in turn held out to Matt the long reedy stem with its feather ornaments.

The offer sent a thrill through the boy's whole being. All his grievances ascended afresh from the red stone bowl and mingled with the fragrant smoke. How good, how obedient he had been! And all for what? A lump gathered in his throat so that he could not swallow his bit of bear. He nodded assent, his heart throbbing with defiant manhood, and motioned to the Micmac to place the pipe beside his dish till he was ready for it. The two Indians then hauled the carcass athwart the sled hastily, for night had come on as though shed from the starless sky, and called to Matt to come along, but Matt shouted back that he did not intend to accompany them. He no longer craved to cast in his lot with the red man. Yet he went to the door of his hut to watch his fellow-hunters disappear among the sombre groves, and a deeper dusk seemed to fall on the landscape when the very rustle of their passage died away. But as he turned in again and fastened up the door his heart leaped up afresh with the leaping flames. The sense of absolute solitude became exultation, a keen, bitter joy. Here was his home; he had no other; he had parted company with humanity forever.

He reseated himself on a little pile of fir boughs in his deserted home, naked but for the wall pictures, the least comforting of all possible salvage, since they were the only things Tommy had not thought worth stealing. As Matt sat brooding, darker patches on the soil and spots upon some of these pictures caught his eye. He saw they were of blood. In one place there was quite a little pool, which had not yet sunk into the earth or evaporated. He touched it curiously with his finger, and wiped away the stain against a leaf. Then with a sudden thought he curled a piece of bark and scooped up the blood into his birchen dish as a useful red, murmuring gleefully:

"Who caught his blood?"
"I," said the fish,
"With my little dish,
I caught his blood."

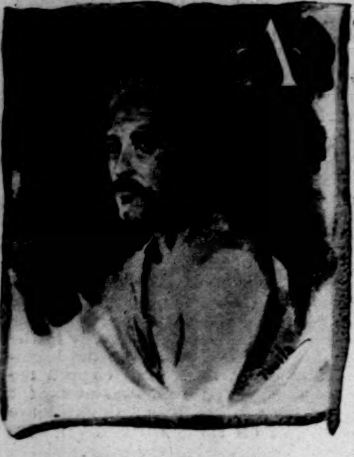
In moving the "little dish" he laid bare Tommy's father's calumet, forgotten. He took it up. How the universe had changed since he last held a pipe in his hand—only last night! Again he heard the howl of a wild-cat, and he looked round involuntarily, as if expecting to find Mad Peggy at his elbow. But he had no sense of awe just now, though he had barred his door inhospitably against further bears; only the voluptuousness of liberty and loneliness, the healthy after-glow of satisfied appetite, and the gayety born of flaming logs and a couple of mouthfuls of fire-water. The Water-Drinker's prophecy seemed peculiarly imbecile in view of the pipe he held in his hand. With tremulous anticipation of more than mortal rapture he relit it. The sensation was unexpectedly pungent; but Matt puffed away steadily, in hope and trust that this was merely the verdict of an unaccustomed palate, and he found a vast compensatory pleasure in his ability to make the thing work, to send the delicate rings into the air as ably as any Micmac or deacon of them all.

But soon even this pleasure began to be swamped by a wave of less agreeable sensation, and Matt, puzzled and chagrined, after a gallant stand, threw down the calumet, and hastened into the cold air, with palpitating heart and splitting head, and there in the maple wood Bruin was avenged. That night, despite his vigil of the night before, Matt Strang vainly endeavored to close his eyes upon an unsatisfactory world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITHIN THE REEF.

BY TEUILA.



TANGALOA, THE CHIEF.

AT the first streak of dawn we were gliding out of the harbor; the daylight gradually broadened, and the sun threw up broad spikes of light. Nobody stirred on the one straggling street by the sea-shore that forms the town of Apia. The yellow buildings of the German firm were silent and smokeless. The red harbor lights in the Catholic mission burned dimly. The glassy surface of the lagoon, through which we slipped so quietly, was in singular contrast to the turbulent ocean thundering and tumbling on the barrier reef not a hundred yards away.

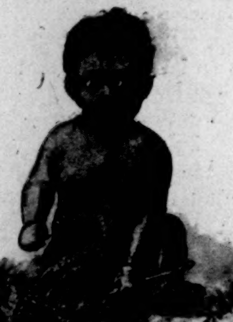
With the British flag flying, with fresh paint, spotless awning and cushions, there isn't in all Samoa a smarter boat than the *Apolima*. Our host, the Land Commissioner, took his place in the stern; Fanua, a young Samoan woman of rank, upon one side, myself upon the other; while two tall young men, the American Loia and the British Pelema, bestowed themselves where they could. Sitting cross-legged on the decked stern-sheets was Yandall, the half-caste interpreter, with the tiller-lines. Abdul, the Indian cook, crowded in among the crew, and looked like a willow wand beside the stalwart boatmen. These were broad-shouldered brown sub-chiefs, handsome and haughty, wearing each his kilt of scarlet cotton with the dignity of a uniform. They rowed in perfect time, to the accompaniment of spirited boat-songs. The words of these chants are difficult to follow; but one referred to the taxes, which, in a melodious chorus, they refused to pay. When we passed Mulinuu, the seat of government, where the Chief Justice's house could be seen through the trees, they struck up the refrain:

"Sing all, sing all,
Then rest awhile.
There comes a wise man out of the West,
He comes, he comes
To make good laws for us.
Sing all, sing all."

Samoan voices are very rich; the language is soft as Italian, making a combination wonderfully sweet to hear.

"They're the finest crowd in the group," broke out the Land Commissioner; "all of the bluest blood of Samoa. I like to enter a village with six chiefs' sons at my back; and it's only war that'll make them leave me."

Some of them had their crisp curling hair dyed a dusky red, more beautiful than any aurioline could accomplish. Their color, a golden copper, was well set off by tattooing, which took the form of lace breeches, finished very neatly at the knee in a sort of scallop, and tied, so to speak, halfway about the waist with a tattooed string. Having no sleeve to wear his heart upon, the Samoan writes his sweetheart's name upon his forearm. This work, entirely one of sentiment, is beneath the art of the professional tattooer, and is usually done by the young lady herself. The trail of the amateur shows in an occasional letter upside down or facing the wrong way. ΊETΩA I have seen upon a young man's arm. It is such a painful process the wonder is that they ever choose sweethearts with long names, such as Seumanutafa or Tuimalealiifona.

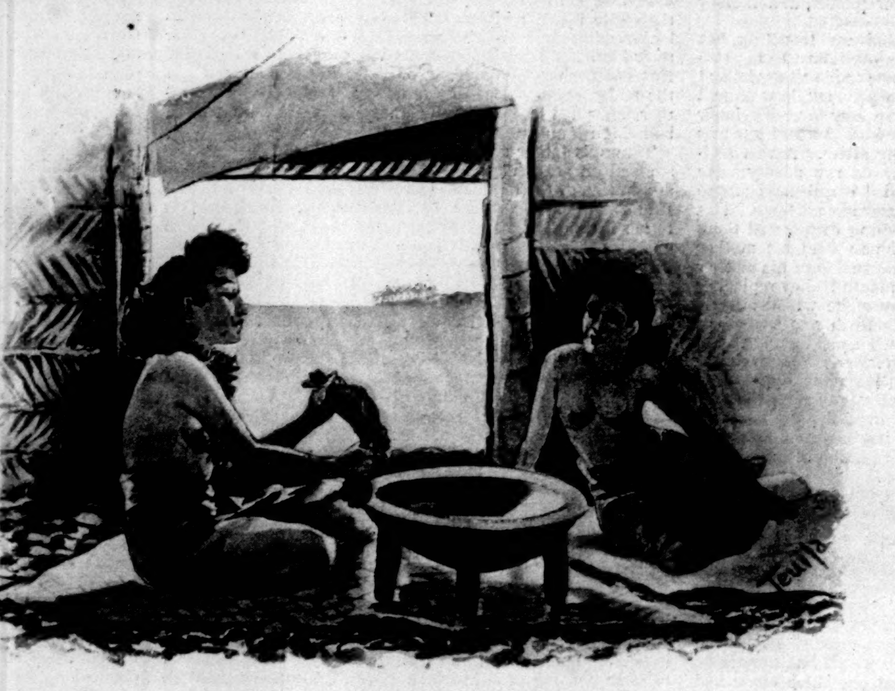


"A TINY BROWN FELLOW."

"At Friday's," the Land Commissioner said, "we will get some cocoanuts." There seemed no sign of a house; but the boat swung round, steered for a spot on the shore, and presently we touched the beach. Instantly the rowers were over the boat's side, tucking up their lavalavas, and carrying us out upon the grass. Our Commissioner is not a light-weight, Loia is six feet tall, and Pelema six feet two, but they might have been feathers, so lightly were they borne to the shore.

It was a queer sight to behold the men climb the cocoanut-trees, that formed a grove to the water's edge, carpeted with buffalo-grass. They ran up flat-footed, like a fly upon the wall, and soon the nuts came crashing down. These were picked up, rapidly husked against a pointed stake driven into the ground, and then thrown into baskets. As Fanua and I came up, the men, by deftly knocking one nut against another, threw back a bit of shell like the lid of a sugar-bowl, and offered us each a cup as fresh as spring-water.

Beyond the grove, facing the sea, stood a two-storied wooden house surrounded by verandas. Here a white man had made a home for himself. He bought land, planted cocoanuts, kept a most successful store, and when he died left his widow well provided for; but his house, that showed evidences of such care and pride on his part, was now a dreary spot. The once busy trade-room on the ground-floor was deserted; the hospitable door hung open as of yore, but no gossiping trader stood within; a few hens had made their nests in the recesses of the shelves, and the floor and counter were covered with copra; the cocoanuts, cut in two, lay like innumerable white cups set out to dry. The sprigged wall-paper was still fresh in what the trader must have called his "settin'-room," and the cheap pictures were all of the sea. He was a hard-featured man, evidently, from his daguerreotype, but of refined tastes, I judged, from finding an old volume of *London Society*, 1874, upon his table, and a book with the title of *Sarah's Choice*. I could imagine the trader reading, after a busy day in the store, swinging comfortably in the rocking-chair, and now and then glancing with satisfaction and content about his well-furnished room, or into the admiring eyes of his "Man Friday," as he called his native wife. The care she has taken of his picture proves that the admiration was sincere, and the two books that she cannot read have been dusted and laid in their place ever since her husband died, and will be treasured, no doubt, till Friday too is gone.



"THE PRETTY CEREMONY OF MAKING THE AVA."

We went in and called, "Friday! Friday!" A brown face peered over the staircase—a brown wrinkled face framed in masses of curling snow-white hair. Nothing could exceed the heartiness of our welcome. We were offered fresh eggs and oranges; the large American rocking-chair was hauled out from another room and dusted for us, and the music-box set going.

The good old woman had a great deal to say to our Commissioner, and her talk was strangely familiar. She said that when she was young the girls in her village were all modest and hard-working. They braided mats, laid the pebbles evenly about the native houses, and were clever at making tapa; but now the ugly ones were lazy, and the pretty ones were spoilt; nowadays the girls were too fond of gadding about, and, in fact—she called up a little of her English—"too muchy flirt." The Commissioner was very much shocked to hear all this, and gallantly, with what Samoan he possessed, intimated that in her youth Friday must have been a treasure indeed. Under "these compliments when gentle-folk meet" we tried to get away; but that was no easy matter; our good friend followed us to the shore, and even several feet into the water, waving adieux, and praying for our speedy return.

For the next three hours Fanua and I banked up pillows, and lay at full length in all the comfort of our loose island dresses. By a curious freak of fashion these frocks are now all the mode, under the name of "Empire gowns"; but they have been worn here and in the Sandwich Islands and Tahiti ever since the native girls copied the pattern of the first missionary woman's "sacque"; though in Samoa the simple kilt is for every-day wear. Lolling idly beneath the awning, we listened to the chants and songs of our handsome crew, pulling bareheaded beneath the relentless sun, and admired the scenes through which we passed, painted by nature in a high and dazzling scheme of color. The coast-line within the reef is pretty but monotonous—it looks as though the trees had run down the hill-side and were trying to crowd into the sea. In the distance are purple mountains with banks of cloud resting on their tops; before us, the smooth reach of the lagoon, the woods reflected in the water, the coral in shallow places throwing up glints of pink and pale green; one placid bay, and then a point of cocoa-palms; another bay, another point, in endless succession—and all as still and well composed and highly colored as a chromolithograph.

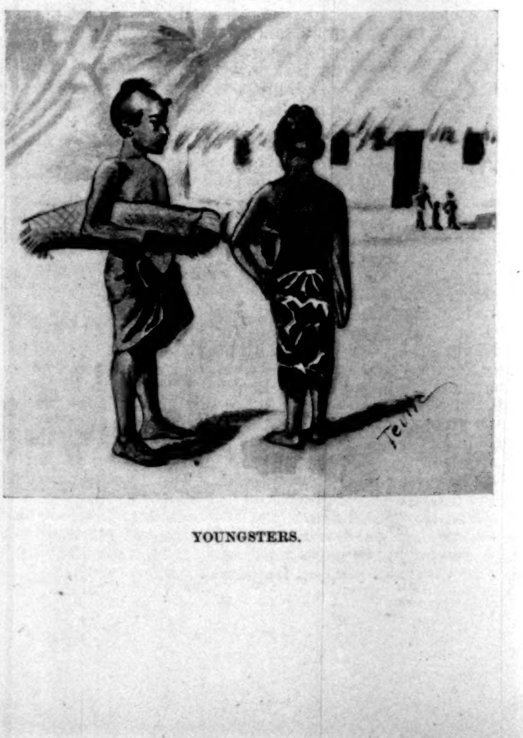
We drew in to the shore at lunch-time, and easily found a shady place where the trees grew low upon the sand; the men cut wild banana leaves and laid them out for a tablecloth; the Commissioner's wonderful boxes produced knives and forks and all the etceteras of civilization, even to napkins. Abdul was soon at work over a wood fire, and we sat down to broiled ham, some of Mother Friday's eggs, beer for the men, and cocoanuts for Fanua and me. My servant, Iopu, brought me a delicacy of his own cooking—an egg twisted in a banana leaf and roasted in the ashes. The boatmen, at a little distance, regaled themselves on the luxuries of tinned beef and biscuit; while Abdul, whose religion is very strict in the matter of eating, had a solemn and mysterious meal by himself behind a tree.

Then, when the white men lay on the grass and ferns and smoked, and discussed *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which a provident Commissioner had put into the boat (because there was so much reading in so small a compass), Fanua and I joined the crew in a lively game of cricket. Our bats were of drift-wood, and the overhanging trees, covered with waxy flowers, contributed round hard scarlet fruit, which we took for cricket balls. It was not a very scientific game, but Va'a explained to us that it was much better than lying down to rest. "That makes you too tired to row," he said.

When we were in the boat again, and well on our way, we saw Apolima and Manono quite close, and a shadowy end of Savaii. The outlines of these islands changed as we neared and passed them, but they were always beautiful—Manono low and wooded, and Apolima showing the rugged top of an extinct volcano. Further on the crowded foliage along the beach yielded to spacious avenues of cocoanut-palms that stretched into the distance and over the hills for miles away. Excepting one in Ceylon, Mulifanua is the largest cocoanut plantation in the world. Beneath the interminable groves are grazing cattle, and squads of black boys at work gathering copra and mending roads, under the charge of a mounted overseer. The haughty Samoan will not work on the plantations, and all these laborers are recruited black people from the Solomons and New Hebrides. They are a sullen and quarrelsome people; quite lately there was a fight on one of the plantations with over a hundred on each side, the weapons being spears and cane-knives; we heard of several killed and seventeen wounded. It was pay-day when we passed Mulifanua, and processions of black people, men and women, diminutive in stature, inky-faced, and dressed in shabby European clothes, were coming down the road to the store. As we rounded the trim coral wharf that juts into the lagoon two young Germans in white clothes came running out and hailed us with hospitable gestures; for in this land, where different nationalities meet and all conflict, our Commissioner alone is welcome everywhere—in the King's palace, in the camp of Tamasese, in the burnt-out ruins on Manono: be it English resident or German trader, Samoan chief or faltering black boy, our Commissioner has a good word from all.

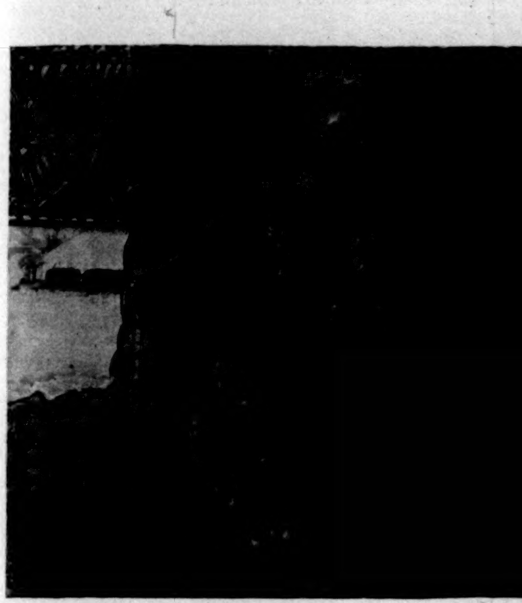
As the breeze freshened we put up sail, and were soon skimming over the water to the extreme end of Upolu. Manono and Apolima changed their colors in the setting sun, the lagoon deepened to purple and crimson, and the cranes flew over our heads, or settled on the rocks that jutted out from the shore in long points. The awning was taken down, and the land breeze blowing in our faces restored us like wine after the long hot day, and the voices of the men rang out over the quiet water in a full chorus of song. It was here that we nearly ran into a small canoe paddled by a young man; a girl sat in the prow, her dyed yellow hair flying about her face as she looked at us with smiling curiosity; they did not speak or hail us, but passed on in the gathering darkness, singing the refrain of our boat-song:

"Ia pepese, ma nofo nofo!"



YOUNGSTERS.

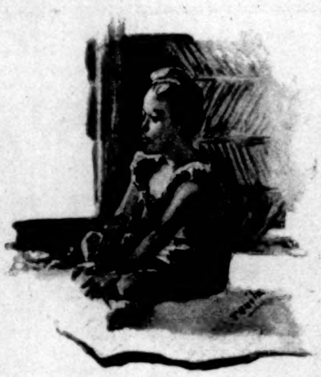
The night came on very fast, and the tide setting out rapidly, we determined to land at a village this side our destination and walk on. When the boat grounded, a number of people ran out and carried us on shore, and though we could hardly distinguish their faces in the twilight, on our side we were all immediately recognized and called by name. We had some difficulty in evading the hospitality of our friends, but when we started on to Falelatai a number of them went with us to show the way, or flew ahead to announce our coming; the villagers crowded about us with affectionate cries and exclamations. On each side of the road ran and skipped a procession of half-naked children, evidently in great excitement, but keeping respectfully at a distance.


"THE BLUEST BLOOD OF SAMOA."

The girls hung upon Pelema and called him *Manaia*—beautiful one—while Loia and the Commissioner were hurried on ahead in two separate clusters of laughing, admiring maidens. It grew rapidly dark, and a warm sprinkling rain began to fall. I clung to two tall young women, so closely intertwined with them that I was almost lifted over the stony road; my hands slipped on their bare shoulders wet with the rain, and I smelt the strong sweet perfume of their fragrant garlands. When we reached the river I perceived, by the light of many torches, the substantial figure of the Land Commissioner sitting upon a broad shoulder; soon we were all carried to an old boat, and the natives swam into the water and pushed us across with a great deal of laughing and splashing. In the distance we saw the twinkling light of Falelatai and the dark figures of people coming to meet us.

It was past seven at least before we reached the guest-house that was prepared for us, and lit up with kerosene lamps set out on the mats. We threw ourselves upon the floor—there are no chairs in a native village—very tired, and hungry to the verge of distraction. But the etiquette of Samoa is inexorable; we had to receive the chief Tangaloa with speeches—make our "small humble gifts" with elaborate and perfectly conventional excuses for being poor foreigners, who could not afford presents fine enough for so great a person as his Highness. Our interpreter did it all very well, though the Commissioner only murmured, "Tell him the usual thing, Yandall."

At any other time the pretty ceremony of making the *ava* would have been interesting. The Maid of the Village, specially dressed in scented wreaths and *tapa*, assisted by her bevy of attendant girls, goes through the various stages of pounding the root, pouring out fresh water from cocoanut bottles, threshing the *ava* with fibre, which is whisked about the bowl and thrown to a waiting maiden, who snaps it in the air like the cracking of a whip and returns it with a flourish—all done with the airs and graces and studied indifference of young ladies going through a figure of the cotillon. When the beverage is prepared and ready, there is a general clapping of hands, and then begins the serious business of drinking the *ava*, one at a time, with great attention to precedence. Our names were called out in turn by the herald, or talking-man, who carries a long staff in token of his office.


YOUNG SAMOA.

"Carry the *ava* to the Land Commissioner, worthy representative of the Three Great Powers," cried the herald. "Carry the *ava* to Loia, the *Manaia* of Vailima!" With great elaboration and careful imitation of Samoan manners that gentleman accepted the shell, poured out a libation on the stones, with a murmured prayer in Samoan to the gods, drank off the contents at a draught, and threw the cup spinning across the mats with a haughty gesture of disdain. It is not customary for women to join in this ceremony, but in deference to foreigners my name was called. I admire the natives, and at Vailima, with our own people, I am always stringing beads for them, tying bits of velvet about their arms, or dressing their hair with flowers and combs, and have gained in consequence the title of "Teuila," or Decorator of the Plain. Everybody laughed when I drank the *ava*—not a shout of derision, but the amused, well-bred titter that might greet a young lady essaying to smoke a cigarette.

And still we had no dinner. The *ava* had been handed first to the Commissioner, then to the chief, then down to the retainers, who sat each with his back to a post of the house; the fine polished half-cocoanut shell had changed on the downward course to half a gourd for the commoner people; our boatmen and servants were not included, but sat at a respectful distance and looked on. When we were expecting the company to leave, we were informed by Yandall that now we must have evening prayers and hymn-singing. It is a long ceremony, and often, in passing a native village at nightfall, I have thought it very pretty to hear from the various houses the singing of hymns, and to see in the uncurtained interior the families gathered at evening worship about the central fires. But when the last song was finished, the last "To fa" said, few of us were able to drag ourselves to the meal Abdul had prepared.

There never lived a better lady's-maid than my man Iopu. I rolled a weary eye at him, and instantly a heap of mats was piled on the floor, my mosquito-net slung, and a shawl pinned up for a screen. I soon changed my "Empire gown" for a night-dress, and no feather bed ever seemed more comfortable than the cool mats I lay upon. Looking up, I saw that my screen had been removed, but I was too wearied to make any objections, and was soon sound asleep. In the morning my Iopu waked me with a cup of tea and a slice of toast for my breakfast. I raised myself on one elbow and looked around. Next to me was Fanua. We occupied one side of the house. On the other side, in a row, or semicircle rather, were the nets of Loia, Pelema, and the Land Commissioner; further off was Abdul; our boat-boys and servants had been accommodated with a house to themselves. I saw Fanua calmly dressing. Samoans have a neatness and dexterity with their garments that Fanua had applied to the European skirts and frills, seeming to glide through them in the most respectable manner, like a well-bred lightning-change artist. But I preferred my screen, which Iopu put up for me, though only at one end of my bed, so that my dressing was a somewhat public performance. The fierce white light that beats upon a throne is but a farthing dip to the publicity of life in a Samoan village. The people are respectful, they will not touch or handle a thing belonging to a guest, or trouble him, or crowd about him, but staring is not considered bad manners, faa-Samoa, and one must just put up with it. During our whole visit to Falelatai it was the only thing that caused us the least annoyance. At one time a row of broad Samoans sat contemplating me when I wanted to doff a wet dress after a canoeing adventure. "Alu ese" (Go away), I said. They looked around and behind to see what I could possibly mean. I told them I wanted to dress, and they must leave. Suddenly they seemed to understand, and all fell upon a small child about six years old that was pottering inoffensively about, sending it flying out of the house. I almost wept. "What shall I do?" I said to my brother. "I must get off my wet clothes, and these men won't go away. I can't say any more, for fear of offending them." Loia suggested that I should go into the next house, where only one man was sitting, ask him to retire, and dress there. I went, and just as I was going to speak I saw the poor man was lame. He had his back to me at first, but carefully and painfully turned himself about to gaze at me. I gave up, and changed my dress as best I could. During the process three young men joined the lame one, and they all stared at me in a row. Not curiously, not impertinently, but in a smiling, affable manner, as one might watch a person putting roses in a jar.

Falelatai is rich in taro-fields and bread-fruit and cocoanuts, and overrun with pigs—clean intelligent pigs that can husk cocoanuts and crack them on the stones, that hunt crabs and small fish at low water, and though they are all as tame as pets, have the sense never to intrude across the threshold of a house. The dogs have a meaner, slyer appearance than ours, perhaps because they are of little use, and feel it. The cats look sleek and contented, and the chickens are as tame as pet canaries: the children pick them up and play with them in passing, and no chick that ever I saw made even the pretence of getting out of the way.

The houses are round or oval in shape, with a big mushroomlike roof, supported on the circumference by innumerable posts, and surrounded without by a ring of neatly laid stones. In the interior the domelike effect of the roof is very pretty, showing the neat pattern of the thatch. The tall central beam of bread-fruit-wood has cross-trees like a ship's mast, and on these are stored the treasures of a family in rolls of fine mats and *tapa*. There is no family so poor as to be without rolls upon the cross-trees. The floor is paved with small pebbles. When strangers are seen approaching, the Samoan housewife pulls down a roll and spreads upon the floor a number of mats for her visitors to sit upon—the more important the guest, the finer the mat. I once accompanied an English lady of rank on a visit to a chief's house, and the mats laid out for us were as beautifully wrought as cobweb and as fine as lace.

"THE GUEST-HOUSE WAS LIGHTED UP."

The village is on the sea, between a small bay on one side and the lagoon and mangrove swamp on the other. There is no street. The principal houses surround the *malae* or forum, in a wide irregular circle that opens out upon the high-road connecting the villages along the coast. Some of the houses are built on the rocks overhanging the sea, with steps cut into the stones, worn smooth by the feet of the villagers on their way to and from the bathing-pool. This is an artificially hollowed basin, where the young men and maidens are seen bathing, washing their hair in the juice of wild oranges or covering it with lime, which produces the fashionable yellow tint. After the bath they rub their bodies with cocoanut oil, which keeps them from taking cold easily, though it is done entirely for elegance. I was once away from the South Seas, and homesick. I lived in a house on a terrace, with a number on the door, and the sound of footsteps on the pavement. Unpacking an old box, I came upon a bit of *tapa* with the faint smell of cocoanut oil perfumed with sandal-wood. It was like the sight of golden poppies to a Californian, like primroses to an Englishman—it was the very breath of the islands.

IOPU READY FOR CHURCH.

The *malae* is the most important part of the village, and is kept clean and well turfed. It is here the most ceremonious part of Samoan life takes place, where fine mats are distributed, the perennial cricket-match played; and it is here that the Maid of the Village marches with her girls in procession to lay gifts, in the pretty Samoan fashion, before visitors. Our interpreter warned us to sit in a row and be prepared. We saw across the green a flutter of girls and heard a babble of voices. The party advanced slowly towards us singing; they were all girls, beautifully dressed in fine mats and *tapa*, their hair oiled and decked with flowers, the plainest ones in the background, and to the front, bashfully bold, and pushed and jostled into the most prominent place, the beauty of the village. As they came to our house they stopped and finished the song, and then one by one each advanced and threw at our feet an offering—a single head of taro, a bunch of bananas, or a small chicken with its legs tied. As each one threw down her gift we cried out our thanks in chorus: "Faa fe tai le alofa!"

At low tide, between the lagoon and the sea, a long spit of land is left high and dry and spotless, for all the sea-weed, shells, and drift-wood are caught far out by the barrier-reef. Here the young people play cricket at sunset and on moonlight nights, and the children run riot, wading in the water, digging for crabs, or paddling about in an old canoe. I taught a number of them to play "Puss in the corner" on the smooth level sand, and found them most unaffected, well-mannered little people. Boys and girls alike wear their heads shaven, with just a fringe to fall over the forehead, or little tufts in front of the ears, according to the fancy of the parents. Their clothes consist of one piece of calico, or perhaps *tapa*, about a yard or two square. I have often marvelled at the way a Samoan gives a hitch and a turn to his kilt, and there it stays as secure as though it were fastened with safety-pins. But in the children I realized how long and arduous the apprenticeship must be. They were continually dropping or stepping out of their one garment, and I have seen a child in the excitement of a game flying naked along the beach, with its *lavalava* trailing behind like a homeward-bound pennant. You have seen a young man at home pulling up his collar and setting his cuffs at some one's approach. Just so a Samoan gives a shake and a fold to his kilt; but the children in their embarrassment before foreigners get themselves tangled up in their *lavalavas*, and as often as not hop out of them, presenting the appearance of startled Cupids. The babies wear no clothes at all, but crawl about on the warm sand, or play on a native mat, as free from restraint, as sweet and wholesome, as little wild animals, and nearly as shy. A tiny brown fellow sitting naked on the grass would gaze round-eyed with alarm at my approach, and if I spoke to or touched him would put his little hands before his face to shut out the hideous spectacle and shriek aloud. Before such genuine distress I had not the heart to carry my blandishment further. Though the children are allowed to play all day, sit up as late as they like, and are seldom scolded, I could see they had some work to do. Early in the morning a boy beat with a stick upon a hollow log, which was the church and school bell, and the children, carrying their mats, came trooping in from all directions, the young parson waiting for them at the church door. Their studies were over at 8 A.M., and quite long enough, too, in such a sunny happy spot as Falelatai.

I have heard a great deal of the idleness of Samoans, but there was little evidence of it in the village; everybody seemed to be busily at work, and intent upon his own affairs. The old women braided mats, or sat upon the rocks and beat and stripped the bark for making *tapa*, the native cloth; some hovered over bowls of *copra* and brewed and perfumed the cocoanut oil; the young girls took the duties of entertaining seriously, dressing three and four times a day, getting up native dances for our amusement, bringing us presents, escorting us about the place, and showing us every attention—indeed, they were so kind and condescending that they had a good deal the air of haughty young ladies assisting at a charity-school treat. The young men did the cooking, and it is a matter for congratulation that the natives are excellent cooks, for not even at sea does one get so hungry as in a Samoan village, owing perhaps to the swimming and boating, the bareheaded, barefooted, out-door life. Abdul made coffee and tea for us, and broiled ducks and plover of his own shooting, but the village kept us supplied with sucking-pigs and spring chickens cooked underground, roasted crabs and fish, baked taro and bread-fruit, and delicacies made of bananas, cocoanut cream, and young taro leaves. The old chief and elders of the village made fishing nets and tackle, and when they came over to talk to us at the guest-house, brought "their work" with them, and braided sennit, a stout string, much used in house and boat building, for the Samoans know nothing of nails. The only persons who seemed to have nothing to do were the lame man and an old woman with a crippled arm. It was pleasant to see how well these two were cared for. Food was brought to the old woman with the kindness and fussiness that old age appreciates even in Samoa, and from our house I watched with interest a young girl dressing the lame man's hair. He was not a nice-looking person at all, his face was drawn with suffering, and his back was bent with weakness, but the girl combed up his hair, plastered it with white lime, and took as much pains over it as though he were a *manaia*, or beauty man. When the lime dries, it is snowy white, giving the effect of a court wig, and contrasts well with the brown Samoan faces and black eyes; it is washed off at night, and by constant use in about four months turns the hair a dusky red, and then lighter, until it is quite a bright yellow. The lime also stiffens the hair, so that it stays in place when it is combed up, and holds flowers and ornaments without the aid of hair-pins. The Samoans have black hair, with no trace of the negro wool; many have straight locks, but curls are greatly admired. Indeed, they have good taste in beauty, and when a man is pointed out as *manaia* he is generally so according to European ideas. They especially admire tall people ("Ah!" they have often said of Loia and Pelema, "what splendid fighting-men they would make!"), and, strangely enough, it is common for the chiefs to be above the medium height.

When I lived for a short time in a big town the people in our terrace were pleasant and kindly enough, but had I been able to look at all hours into their houses I might have seen much unhappiness. Even as it was the gossips of the place pointed out the extravagant family who were on the verge of being sold out, the quarrelsome couple, the people with the unruly children: it is well that civilization has big front doors and heavy window-blinds. Here in Falelatai the houses are all open; there are no dark corners where a family skeleton may hide: the people are communistic and share freely with each other, so there is no poverty, and their life seems singularly peaceful and happy. I heard only the pleasant sounds of laughter and singing, the children shouting at play, or the young folk calling out over their game of cricket. The people seemed not only content, but happily interested in their lives and affairs. Though some of the faces were lined and wrinkled, it was by the hand of Time, and not the unmistakable one of Care. In the constant passing to and fro from the beach and bathing-place to the various houses, I never saw a meeting without a few gracious words and smiles. "Where are you going?" "I am going towards the sea. And you?" "Towards the mountains. Farewell!" "May you live!" Along the narrow paths young men step aside for the women to pass, and they in their turn give place to Tangaloa and the elder chiefs. The village radiates an air of gentle courtesy and good breeding; the very children give you good-day in high-chief language.

But the beauty, the charm, of Falelatai lies in the mangrove swamps. The great trees, half buried in water, intertwine their branches in archways, where the shadows are deep and impenetrable. It is as dark and wild as the most deadly swamp of romance. Writhen shapes hang in the obscurity from the tree branches, wild cries come faintly from out the depths of the forest, and the stillness of the water holds distorted reflections.

But it is an innocent spot. They are creepers and not serpents that cling to the trees, only wild bright-plumaged birds that call in the cool shadows; there are no snakes, no alligators; no deadly malaria poisons the air, no runaway slave trembles in the recesses; there is nothing to deter the most timid from exploring the dark interior. Every day we passed the swamp on our way to the bathing-place—a more retired spot than the village basin, and much more romantic—the enchanted pool of Tingalau, the legendary *Manaia* of Falelatai. From a cleft in the rock a fountain flows over a stone step and down into the pool, orange-trees dip their branches into the water, the rim is bright with flaunting scarlet hibiscus flowers, and over all the cocoa-palms bend their graceful heads. Here, Yandall told me, was the place to bring your love-story. Climb upon the stone step, sprinkle the water over your head, and murmur a prayer to Tingalau. "O Tingalau, lover of Sina! Tingalau, kind as your beauty is famous! Tingalau, so perfect that the fishes came out of the sea to gaze upon you! O Tingalau, make my love less cold to me! Throw the glamour of your charm over me, O Tingalau, as I sprinkle thus the water, that my love may look kindly upon me—that I may be beautiful in his eyes!"

Every day we swam in Tingalau's pool; and perfumed with cocoanut oil, with hibiscus flowers in our hair, we would crowd into the little canoes, and go flying home across the lagoon, now turning aside to skim under the boughs of the mangrove-trees, now racing the rest of the party with shouts and calls across the water, drinking with deep breaths the air, salt from the sea, yet fragrant with the perfume of flowers.

Our week-days were spent so gayly, one amusement following another so much as a matter of course that we were hardly prepared for the sudden stillness, the cessation of all work, the almost holy calm, that ushered in the Sabbath. All the food for the day had been cooked on Saturday, and Abdul preparing our tea and toast was a conspicuous figure in the quiet morning, the smoke of his solitary fire proclaiming to the whole village that the ungodly white people were breaking the Lord's day. Suddenly we heard the notes of the *pāte* (the hollow log), and from the various houses emerged the well-dressed members of the congregation. Iopu, in a sage-green kilt (that I had brought him from Sydney) and a pink and white striped flannel shirt, his hair tinged with just a shade of yellow, and combed up elaborately, looked as fine a young spark as you could wish to see. Our boatmen, in *lavalavas* and coats of spotless white, were models of respectability as they walked off, hymn-book in hand.

No sooner had they departed, and the sound of singing came to us from the church, than all the dogs and cats, who keep at a respectful distance on week-days, walked confidently in and sat down in the most assured manner. They were surprised and disconcerted to find the house occupied, and retired (taking a gentle hint in the form of a pebble) more in sorrow than in anger.

Fanua and I went to church in the afternoon, attended by Yandall.

"Where is your hat?" asked Fanua.

"I'm not going to wear one," I answered, and little knew what a serious thing I was saying. I had often observed the Samoan women going to church, neat and comely otherwise, but turned into scarecrows by all sorts and kinds of hats, poke-bonnets, and bedizened straws sold by the traders and given over the counter for the order "one hat." The respectability of head-gear has been so much insisted upon by the missionaries that I have seen a child going to church with little on but a hat—a hat with feathers, flowers, green grapes, red cherries, and ribbons floating behind wide enough to make a very decent petticoat—while the rest of its costume consisted of one narrow bit of pink tape tied in front in a neat bow. I stuck a gardenia in my hair, and we started off; but Fanua did not tell me till afterwards that I had transgressed again. It is considered—shall I say loud, or fast, or bad form?—whatever the Samoans say—to wear natural flowers in church, though you may wear a conservatory of artificial ones.

The church faces the *malae*, and is built of white coral, with squares cut in for doors and windows; the roof is of thatch, like that of the houses, and the floor is of clean white sand from the sea-shore. Every one brings a mat to sit upon, the children carrying tiny ones the size of a pocket-handkerchief.

The young parson preached with considerable earnestness. Among the congregation the men looked slightly bored, the women turned about and whispered and studied the flower in my hair, but the children sat straight-backed and prim, giving that serious whole-souled attention to their behavior so commendable in Young Samoa.

After church, Tangaloa the chief and some of our friends strolled over to the guest-house with us, and we filled in the long afternoon with social small-talk. The men made mild biblical jests, while the girls occasionally joined in singing a hymn. In the starched coats of the young men, the spotless chemises and *lavalavas* of the girls, in the general stillness and the subdued voices, even in the laughter—for the Samoans must laugh or die—there was a note of restraint that told of sixty years observance of the Sabbath.

At sunset Fanua and I went for a quiet Sunday walk along the beach. Two of the boatmen joined us, and we had a very animated conversation, a good deal of joking, and some unexpectedly serious and sensible talk about the approaching war. Clambering upon the rocks, we turned and looked back at the sky, glorious with sunset colors. My companions burst out into praise and admiration. "It is very beautiful," they said. We sat in silence watching the colors fade into the sea, and the stars begin to brighten in the sky. "Eo," said Va'a, "God is good to Samoa!"

AMATEVR · SPORT

"A Sporting Pilgrimage" will be concluded and the regular department resumed with next week's issue. Further results of Mr. Whitney's pilgrimage will be found in the September and October numbers of **Harper's Magazine**.

A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE.

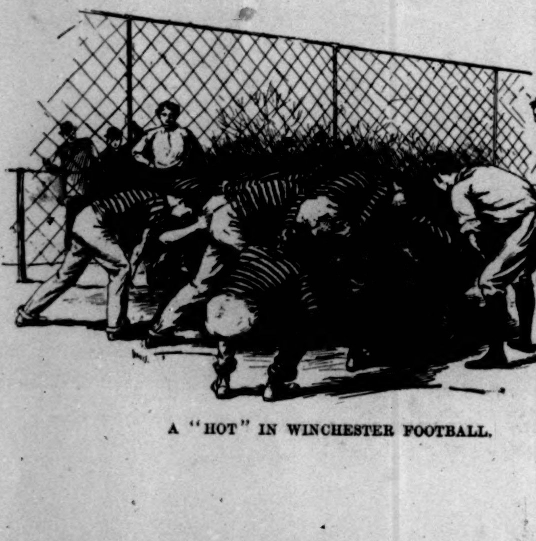
BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

VIII.

TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS.

WE have seen that modern organized athletics began with the Rugby School crick run in 1837, that the Royal Military Academy gave games in '49, followed by Exeter College at Oxford in '50, and that, after '55, athletics were being taken up quite generally by the colleges, one after the other, at both universities; that Oxford and Cambridge in '64 held their first meeting, and that the same year gave birth to the Amateur Athletic Club—England's first club devoted to amateurs.

We know that this club opened the Lillie Bridge grounds, which instantly became amateur headquarters, and remained so until the appearance of the London Athletic Club, a younger and more vigorous rival, that speedily secured grounds of its own at Stamford Bridge, leaving the pioneer institution struggling for life until eventual collapse came to its relief. With the coming of this new athletic power the sport entered upon a veritable heyday of prosperity, that in honest healthful rivalry carried it past the seventies and well on towards '80, the date of the present Association's establishment. Thus far have my previous articles taken us.

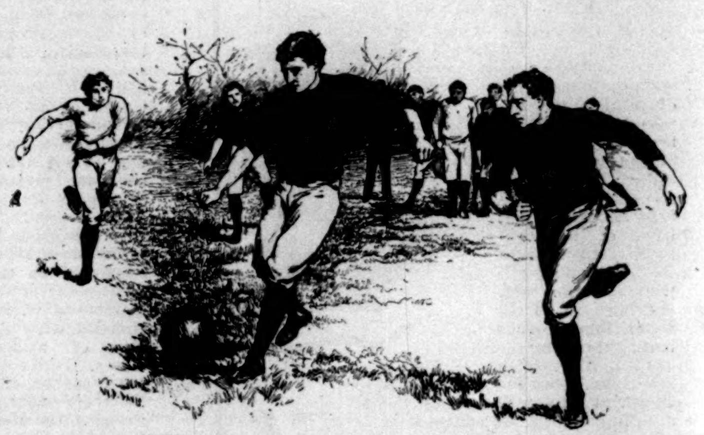


A "HOT" IN WINCHESTER FOOTBALL.

During these the halcyon days of English athletics men competed for sport; "amateur" was truthfully applied, and the skirmishers of the great unwashed had not put themselves in evidence to sneer at the laurel wreath and demand expenses, compensation for loss of time, and extravagant prizes.

How many an English sportsman—how many a one in America, for here, too, we have run foul of the pot-hunter—fervidly wishes he had answered the first challenge by fighting it out on the every-man-to-his-own-vine-and-fig-tree lines, if it had taken half a lifetime. Now there is nothing left for us but to abandon the bower planted in pride and nourished with such tender solicitude, and raise up another where experience will guard us against the vermin that have made this one uninhabitable.

Having now reminded the reader that the very early epochs of English athletics have been elaborated for his edification in the university articles of this series, it becomes my uncongenial task to bring him up to date in non-university athletics.



"DRIBBLING" IN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

It is not a pleasing journey, for the way is muddy and the resting-stones are few and far between.

Born in strife, the Amateur Athletic Association has been ever since a child of contention. It owed its origin to a quarrel between university and non-university athletes over the time of year the championships should be held, which resulted in a meeting of the prominent members of each and the change of date from spring to summer, where it remains to this day.

The recognition of their claims and the organization of an institution that would officially and conspicuously label them gentlemen—for it was argued to be an amateur was to be a gentleman, and the latter distinction rather than the former was the dearer ambition—gave great zest to the sport of the people, and athletic contests throughout Great Britain multiplied extraordinarily. But as the spirit expanded, and the meetings grew and became prosperous, the element of greed replaced what there had been of sport. That class which had in times past popularized such brutish spectacles as cock-fighting, rat-killing, and the like, recognizing the rare chance of becoming "gentlemen" and winning prizes that could be turned to a pretty penny at one and the same time, threw itself bodily into the more lucrative field of athletics, and book-making, "roping," and every manner of swindling, crushed all semblance of honesty out of the sport that had been inaugurated under such happy auspices.

With the ascendency of this element decency withdrew from active participation. Oxford and Cambridge sent no entries to games, and affairs went from bad to worse, until to-day, of the two hundred and fifty clubs composing the Association, not more than a score may be called honestly amateur, of which number the three government military colleges and Oxford and Cambridge constitute five.

The Association has striven hard enough to steer a straight course, but its earnest laborers are so few, and the task so huge, that their efforts have been about as effective as would be the tiny stream of a Babcock fire-extinguisher on a roaring bonfire.

American readers will the better appreciate the predicament of the minority in the English Association when I tell them it is identical with that of the few honestly amateur sport-caring members of the Metropolitan branch of our own Amateur Athletic Union. The Metropolitan Association is a growth of the last few years, membered and controlled by a precisely similar element to that which forms an overwhelming majority in English athletics. We know perfectly well what a farce is amateurism in a large percentage of the Metropolitan clubs, certainly in all of the boxing clubs. If, now, instead of swaying only the Metropolitan Association, this element should extend its control to the very Union itself and dominate national athletics, then should we have such a condition as obtains in England.

I hope no one will understand me as disparaging athleticism among the lower classes, for I should not wish to be so interpreted. As I began, so I desire to end, this series of articles with a sincere expression of unfeigned admiration of the universal sporting spirit in Great Britain, and an unshaken belief in the incalculable benefit it has been to the national manhood.

The value of athletics cannot be overestimated. It makes manly, enduring, and ready men. It cultivates the best vitality in the human form, and it must, in proportion, develop a certain precision and decision in cases of emergency. It has invariably an influence towards the improvement of one's self, for of a given number of participants a certain percentage must always be the better men for it, morally as well as physically; and who will deny that these qualities bespeak a purer heredity?

I should therefore be the veriest dolt to advise against athletics in all stations of every race of people on earth. It is not against the widespread athletic activity that I would protest, but against the dissimulation and swindling that have been drawn into it by the effort to harmonize what may be called the university element with men who by every instinct and education are unfitted to appreciate or live up to the standard of those nurtured in more cultured surroundings. Only after generations of refining influence can be accomplished what these athletic associations, nothing daunted, set out to do off-hand. Nor do I wish what I say on the only practicable definition of an amateur to be set down to snobbishness; few who follow my writings will so misjudge me, I fancy. I fully appreciate how very difficult and many-sided a problem it is, but surely England's nearly thirty years of experience counts for something, and it may safely be asserted that mankind averages about the same, whether under the reign of a Queen or a President.

I am dwelling on this situation probably at greater length than the average reader will consider it warrants, because I wish to hold it up as a warning to America and to our own Amateur Athletic Union.

England's experience in letting down the bars to the class of men who formerly did and naturally always would fill the professional ranks teaches a lesson we cannot ignore if we would steer between the rocks that have wrecked amateur athletics in Great Britain. Theorists will argue that bringing this class of men in contact with those of higher conceptions and purer sentiments should have a refining and elevating influence on the former; possibly it should, but the plain fact is it has not. Such an education must be begun in the home, or under the wise system that obtains in the Young Men's Christian Association, and extends through all its branches in the United States and Great Britain. Properly applied athletics do have a decidedly refining influence, but the desired result is not brought about by bringing together on the track two elements that are not in sympathy, and where the wish to win is likely to be the dominating motive. The educating process must be slow and most carefully undertaken in a class that as a rule is wanting in the true sporting instinct of sport for sport's sake only; and it is comment enough on the folly of the experiment in England to say that at the last meeting of the Amateur Athletic Association an appropriation was made to bear the legal expenses being constantly incurred by the prosecution of these athletic transgressors. The A.A.A. is squandering its money in an attempt to retain the fealty of men who yielded allegiance in the first place only because they saw an opportunity of making it more lucrative than open professionalism, and who recognize the laws merely as so many obstacles to be evaded; thus, while this masquerading creature flourishes, the *bona fide* amateur languishes, and meanwhile athletics remain in a scandalous condition. And a situation, too, that occasions a loss hard to estimate, for of all the hundreds of men graduated annually from the universities and the public schools, who would naturally infuse athletics with a wholesome spirit, but very few, almost none, maintain an active interest, and in all of England, with its ever-apparent sporting spirit, only one athletic club (the London A.C.) attracts entries to its games from Oxford and Cambridge!

Such a state of affairs in any other country than England would, I have little doubt, eventually lead to a general decadence of amateur sport, but the sporting spirit and the love of out-doors are too thoroughly imbued in the Englishman to suffer that dire extreme; he is safe from intrusion at his school and college, and when he has gone down from his university there is hunting, boating, cricket, or golf, all of which have thus far escaped the taint of the athletic, cycling, and football "amature."

What the outcome will be of this maddening problem few Englishmen care to hint, but my own observations lead me to believe that the day is not far distant when the mask (which deceives no one but the officers of the Amateur Athletic Association) will be

(*Continued on page 524.*)

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail to sufferers.—[*Adv.*]

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—CATARRH AND CONSUMPTION CURED.

There is good news for our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, in the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE COFFEE HABIT is difficult to throw off, especially if one's epicurean taste leads to the use of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in this popular beverage. Its superiority to cream is admitted. Rich flavor and uniform consistency.—[*Adv.*]

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POLO-FIELD AND RACE-TRACK, RANELAGH CLUB.
Photographed by W. H. Grove.

torn from this class of "amateurs," and they will be called, what they have always been, professionals. To attempt to cleanse so-called amateur athletics in England by any other method would be simply an utter impossibility. The decay that was has advanced to putrefaction; it is no longer a case for the physician but the surgeon, and nothing short of complete amputation will save the parent body. Indeed, it is my opinion that the latter is already stricken beyond recovery, and that by flight only may the remaining healthful ones be saved from the approaching wreck. Let these survivors abandon the present Association to the class which is now in the majority, and form another organization in which an amateur shall be defined as in rowing.

Rather a drastic remedy, to be sure, but the condition is extreme, and entirely impervious to milder measures.

The Amateur Athletic Association is divided into the Northern, Midland, and Southern counties of England, which are given votes and send representation to the general meeting in proportion to their numerical strength. In the matter of geographical divisions these are to the A.A.A. as the Atlantic, Central, Metropolitan, and Pacific associations are to our Amateur Athletic Union, but differ in the method and number of votes. Thus, the Northern counties, comprising 101 clubs, are entitled to 30 votes; the Midland, 43 clubs, and 15 votes; and in the Southern district, Cambridge, Oxford, and the London Athletic Club are allowed 6 votes each; the Blackheath Harriers, Civil Service, and a few others, 3; while a large number in London have 1 vote, and some none at all.

Matters of purely local significance are governed by the sectional legislators, but the A.A.A. general committee is always composed of one representative each from Oxford, Cambridge, London Athletic Club, Civil Service, Amateur Athletic Association, Blackheath Harriers, Finchley Harriers, German Gymnastic Society, Highgate Harriers, National Cross-Country Union, Polytechnic Harriers, Ranelagh Harriers, South London Harriers, Spartan Harriers, United Hospitals Athletic Club, Midland Counties Amateur Athletic Association, Northern Counties Amateur Athletic Association, and one from the West of England Club. These, with "thirty members equally apportioned between the North, South, and Midland, to be elected by the association or governing bodies of the representative divisions," govern the athletics of England, and in the voting each delegate casts the number to which his club or association is entitled, as, for instance, Oxford's opinion would go for six votes, the Civil Service for three, while the Midland Counties' representative would place fifteen to the credit of whichever side of the question he voted. One each from the sections, the two universities, and the London Athletic Club usually complete the number of vice-presidents. The A.A.A. amateur definition reads:

> "An amateur is one who has never competed for a money prize or staked bet, or with or against a professional for any prize, or who has never taught, pursued, or assisted in the practice of athletic exercises as a means of obtaining a livelihood.
>
> "The following exceptions shall be made to this rule—
>
> "(*a.*) That amateur athletes shall not lose their amateur status by competing with or against professional football-players in ordinary club matches for which no prizes are given, or in cup competitions permitted by the National Football Associations or Rugby Unions of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, providing that such competitions or matches form no part of, nor have connection with, any athletic meeting.
>
> "(*b.*) That competitions at arms between volunteers and regulars shall not be considered as coming within the scope of the A.A.A. laws.
>
> "(*c.*) That competitors in officers' races at naval and military athletic meetings (such races being for officers only, and for which money prizes are not given) shall be exempt from any of the laws of the A.A.A. disqualifying runners for competing at mixed meetings.
>
> "(*d.*) That the 'Championship of the Army' race at the Aldershot sports be exempt from the effect of this rule.
>
> "(*e.*) That a paid handicapper is not a professional."

Each section elects a handicapper, who may not go out of his province nor his class, permits being granted as follows:

Class 1. Open handicaps, any distance up to 880 yards.
Class 2. Open handicaps, 880 yards and upwards.
Class 3. Walking races.

Penalties for attempts to beat the pistol are, "one yard for distances up to and including 220 yards, two yards up to and including 440 yards, three yards up to and including 880 yards, and five yards up to one mile; the sum of these penalties to be doubled for second offences, and disqualification on the third."

There are similar athletic organizations in Scotland and Ireland, which work in harmony with the English Association, the sentences of disqualification and suspension of each one being binding on the other. This latter is true also of the Amateur Swimming Association, the National Cyclists' Union, and the Amateur Gymnastic Association.

Challenge cups are offered at championship competitions together with gold medals for firsts and silver medals for seconds, besides which a gold medal is given for a record performance, and a bronze medal to those reaching a standard fixed by the committee. Prizes in handicaps may not be of greater value than £10 10*s.* ($52 50), but in a scratch race there is no limit.

Competitors are allowed three trials in the broad jump and three at each height in the high, at which, as with us, no diving or summersaulting is permitted. I have already commented in the university article on the method of measuring the broad jump, and the length of pegs allowed in the uprights of the high jump, both being open to criticism. All tracks are measured twelve inches from the inner side of the path, instead of eighteen as with us, and the men run with their right arm to the pole, instead of the left as in America.

The 16-pound hammer, total length, including the handle, not exceeding four feet, is thrown from a 9-foot circle. The 16-pound shot is put from a 7-foot square, each competitor having three trials, and the best three of the first rounds having three more each for the final, as in the hammer. In both events crossing the scratch counts as a try. The 56-pound weight is not an event on the English programme; neither is the 220-yard hurdle.

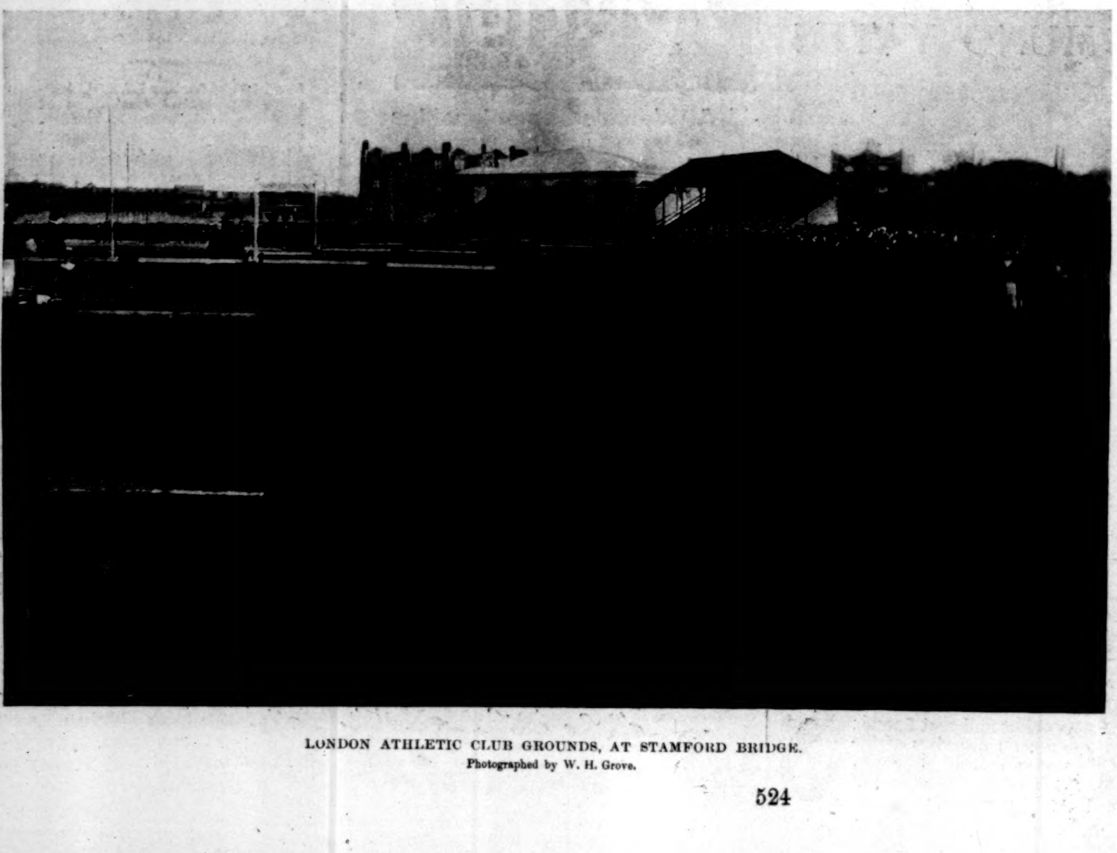
LORD'S—SHOWING PUBLIC STAND ON THE RIGHT.
Photographed by W. H. Grove.

In its constitution the Association proclaims that "all open betting must be suppressed at athletic meetings," notwithstanding which, however, it flourishes to an extraordinary degree, despite the vigilance of officials at games, and the thorough placarding of grand stands warning book-makers that they will be "ejected" from the grounds. It seemed to me at some of the meetings that I attended as if every other man was a book-maker, for wherever I stopped in my sauntering about the grounds the refrain of "Five to three on the field bar one," "Two to one on Smith," "Evens on Jones," etc., etc., was sung in my ear.

As a matter of fact, book-makers are scattered throughout the spectators, and carry on their business in defiance of the placards and the officials, who do make honest attempts to stop the betting, and are thoroughly in earnest, for I saw several detected offenders put outside the gates without ceremony and in a hurry.

Athletic meetings promoted by companies or as private enterprises are not recognized by the Association, so they advertise; but it is a fact none the less that the most flourishing athletic institutions in England, and those which give the largest meetings, are "limited liability" companies devoted to athletics, cricket, and other sports (separate committees managing the different branches), and organized for business quite as much as if the venture were dry-goods instead of athletics. Such, for instance, are the Huddersfield Cricket, Football, and Athletic Club, the Bradford Cricket, Athletic, and Football Club, and the Leeds Cricket, Football, and Athletic Club—three of the largest I believe, in Great Britain.

Very few clubs in England own grounds, still fewer have houses, pavilions for spectators and dressing-rooms being the extent to which building is carried. Such athletic club-houses as we have in the United States, with their completely equipped gymnasia, Turkish baths, swimming-pools, billiard, dining, and smoking rooms, and that cost from $100,000



LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB GROUNDS, AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.
Photographed by W. H. Grove.

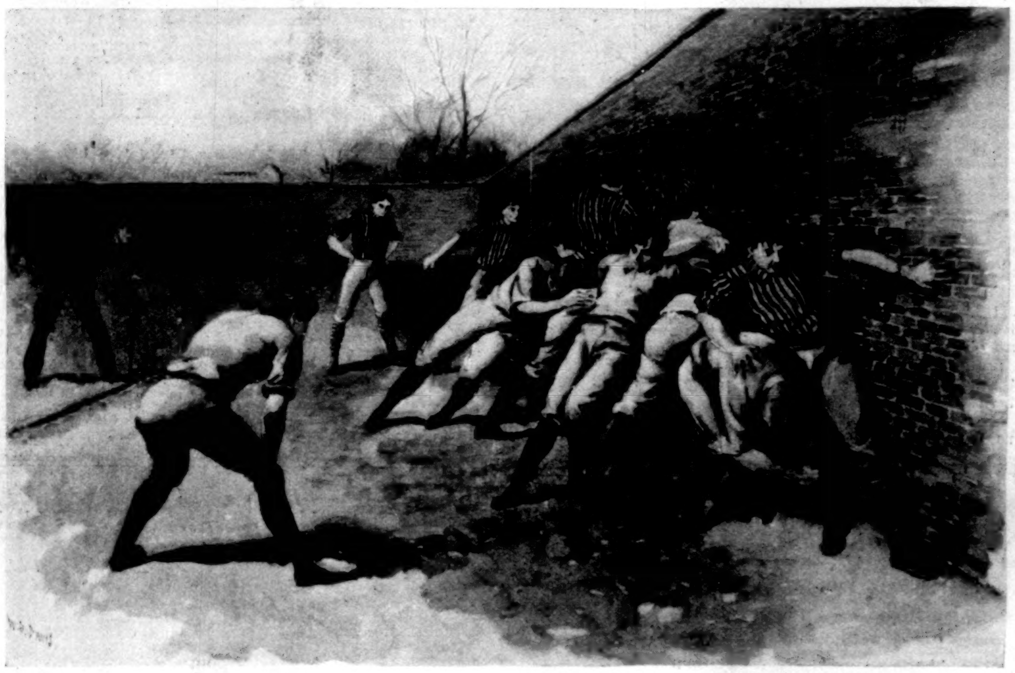
KENNINGTON OVAL.
Photographed by W. H. Grove.

up to $800,000, exist only in dreamland on the other side. There is not one in all England (so far as I could hear) that has even a restaurant or sleeping accommodations. The London A.C., the oldest and by all odds the first athletic club in Great Britain, has no club-house either in town or at its excellent grounds at Stamford Bridge.

There are, however, several clubs in England devoted to sport that have extensive grounds and club-houses, though even these fail of having the elaborate and modern living and dining facilities of our athletic clubs, while they are not to be compared at all with our Country clubs.

Of these there is Lord's, headquarters of the Marylebone Club, the cricket authority of the world, which has racquet, fives, and tennis, and lawn-tennis courts and a cricket crease, the scene of all the great matches in England; Hurlingham, with a field like a billiard table, and a club-house, and which occupies the position in polo that Marylebone does in cricket; Queen's, where the football and athletic games of Oxford and Cambridge are played, and the university, public-school, and army racquet championships are decided; it has an open skating-rink, tennis and covered lawn-tennis courts; Ranelagh, with the most beautiful grounds of them all, and an equipment for golf, polo, and pony-racing; and Kennington Oval, with its cricket crease and cycling track.

The Prince's Club is the swell racquet and tennis club of England, with courts in London and at Brighton, and corresponds in class of membership and in social position to our Racquet and Tennis Club of New York, but it has no such home. In fact, it is used for play only, and is closed every evening at eight o'clock. There are no dining facilities, and one may get merely a bite of luncheon.



ETON FOOTBALL—THE WALL GAME.

The one club in London with sport as a *raison d'être* which pretends to have a social side is the recently organized Sports' Club. When the defunct Pelican Club dissolved, the boxing contingent went over to the National Sporting Club, and the better element, headed by Sir John Astley, formed the Sports' Club, one of the rules of which, to show their sentiment on the subject, being that there shall be no sparring matches given under the club's auspices. Membership is less exclusive than that of Lord's, Queen's, or the Prince's, nor does it fill such a place in college sport as our University Athletic Club of New York, but it does entertain university football teams, and aims to do what it can to perpetuate a thoroughly good sporting feeling.

How well off we are in the matter of clubs, the following partial list will show:

Clubs.	Members.	Towns.	Value of Property.
New York Athletic Club	2500	New York	$650,000
Racquet and Tennis Club	800	" "	400,000
New Jersey Athletic Club	1000	Bayonne, New Jersey	80,000
Boston Athletic Association	1800	Boston	400,000
Chicago " "	1500	Chicago	800,000
Olympic Athletic Club	1500	San Francisco	250,000
A. C. Schuylkill Navy	1500	Philadelphia	150,000
Detroit Athletic Club	600	Detroit, Michigan	75,000
Louisville " "	700	Louisville, Kentucky	60,000
Orange " "	500	Orange, New Jersey	75,000
Columbia " "	700	Washington, D. C.	130,000
Crescent " "	1000	Brooklyn, New York	100,000
Southern " "	1200	New Orleans, Louisiana	50.000
Denver " "	1200	Denver, Colorado	200,000
University " "	1600	New York	50,000
Cleveland " "	1200	Cleveland, Ohio	50,000
Michigan Athletic Association	800	Detroit	100,000
Pastime Athletic Club	1200	St. Louis, Missouri	75.000
Buffalo Athletic Club	1500	Buffalo, New York	100,000

The Isthmian Club has a very handsome club-house, and formerly preserved the relationship to college athletics the Sports' Club is now attempting to occupy. It is like our University Club, none but university men being eligible to election, which is not a *sine qua non* of membership in the Sports' Club, and though gradually losing active interest in college sport, university men invariably join it, if for no other reason than to gain admittance to its enclosure at Henley, which always has an elaborate collation and an orchestra, and is a swagger place to be in during that regatta.

Aside from racquets and tennis, there is practically no indoor exercise among English sportsmen, fencing or boxing at either Oxford or Cambridge not having enough popularity to give it a name; one is supposed to leave boxing at Eton and Harrow when one goes up to the universities. There is no boxing nor fencing in the Prince's nor in any other of that sort of clubs, though a fencing club does exist in London with a *maître d'armes* and a membership of gentlemen, but it leads an indifferent sort of life. Fencing in England is not in a flourishing condition.

Of boxing there is no lack among the lower element; and one may see half a dozen "slugging matches," if one cares for that sort of thing, almost every night of the season in London, the contestants being the same breed with which we are familiar in New York. The Amateur Boxing Association exists, though apparently more as a professional nursery than anything else; and it is pretty safe to say there is little, if any, honest amateur boxing in London.

There is no excuse for the young men of London growing up puny with undeveloped muscles, for in no country is the physical condition of the laboring element given more attention. There are the Amateur Gymnastic Association, the National Physical Recreation Society, and the Young Men's Christian Association, all doing a splendid work in this direction, to say nothing of the public tennis-courts and innumerable opportunities for out-door games of every description.

It is not hard to see why there is so far-reaching a sporting spirit in Great Britain.

The Amateur Athletic Association championship is given during the summer in each of its sectional districts alternately. When held in the Southern counties the London Athletic Club grounds at Stamford Bridge are invariably chosen; in the North, Crewe, Manchester, Southport, and Huddersfield; in the Midland, Birmingham or Northampton. In addition, the local organizations in the North and Midland farm out several championship events to different clubs, as, for instance, a hurdle-race to one, a quarter-mile to another, etc., which add much to the sectional prestige of the club.

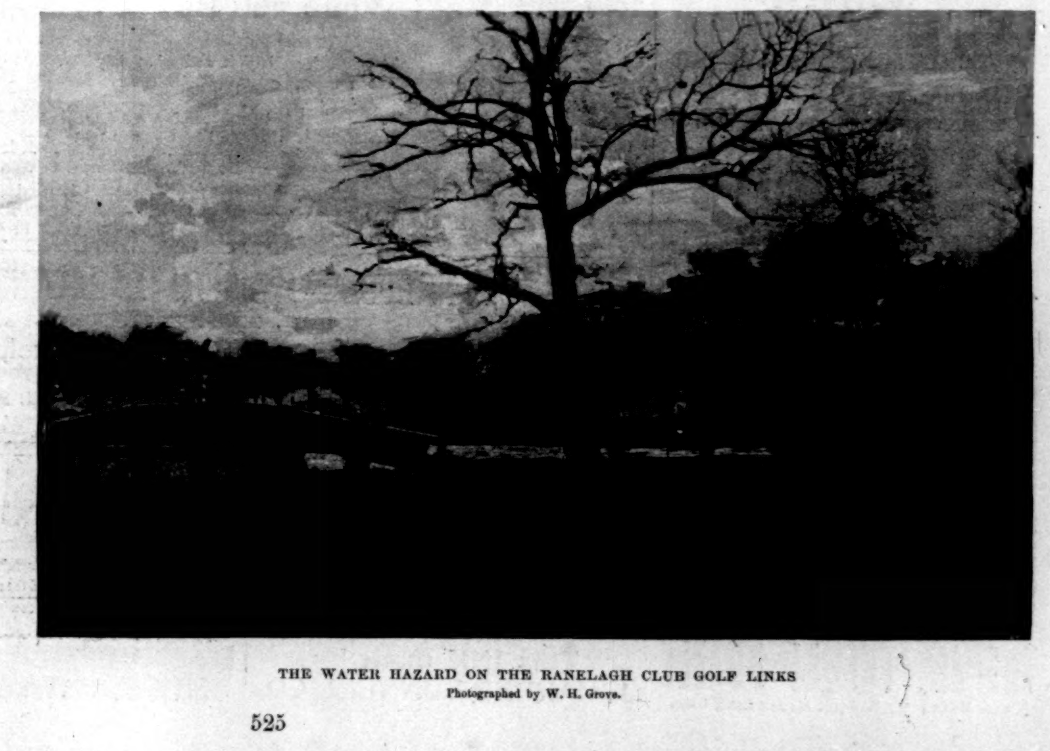
Although there are a great many meetings throughout Great Britain during the season, the best, aside from the championships, are the spring and autumn games of the London Athletic Club—the L.A.C.-Oxford in the spring, and the L.A.C.-Cambridge in the autumn—and those of the Civil Service and the United Hospitals clubs. These, which are the choice—and there are few others that are good (for most athletic clubs in England consist of a name only, under which a few men compete)—are beginning to hold strictly invitation meetings. In fact, the unclean condition of athletics, and the hopelessness of anything towards purifying the situation being done by the Association, have created a feeling of abhorrence among the few respectable clubs, and a determination to take the law into their own hand by restricting their games to invitation entries.

The National Cross-Country Association is a distinct body from the Amateur Athletic Association, though it is likewise divided into Northern, Midland, and Southern counties, in each of which a junior and a senior championship is held, but, unlike the A.A.A., there is no general meeting to decide the English championship. It is different in Ireland and Scotland, where, as in athletics, there is one championship for the entire country.

Cross-country running, as everybody knows, is extremely popular in England, there being no end to the number of clubs devoted to one form or another of this sport, including paper and rabbit chasing. At the Southern championships I attended at least 130 men finished out of 150 starters, notwithstanding it was as heavy going as I ever saw, and although the rain came down in torrents, about 2000 spectators remained to the end.

It is too bad to dispel the illusion, however, by adding that the amateur status in cross-country running is just about the same as it is in athletics under the A.A.A., and that betting, "roping," and all other little devices peculiar to the English "amateur" are quite as prevalent at their meetings.

Allied to the A.A.A. is the Amateur Swimming Association, which has united with the National Life-Saving Society in making swimming recognized in schools as a



THE WATER HAZARD ON THE RANELAGH CLUB GOLF LINKS
Photographed by W. H. Grove.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AMATEUR TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETIC RECORDS.

Event.	English.		American.		
	Performance.	Holder.	Performance.	Holder.	
100 yards	10 s.	A. Wharton.	*9 4-5 s.	John Owen, Jun.	
220 "	21 4-5 "	C. G. Wood.	*21 3-5 "	H. Jewett.	
440 "	48 1-2 "	H. C. L. Tindall.	*47 3-4 "	Wendell Baker.	
880 "	*1 m. 51 2-5 "	F. J. K. Cross.	1 m. 54 1-2 "	W. C. Dohm.	
1-mile run	4 " 18 2-5 "	W. G. George.	*4 " 17 4-5 "	T. P. Conneff.	
3 "	*14 " 24 "	Sidney Thomas.	14 " 39 "	W. D. Day.	
5 "	*24 " 53 3-5 "	"	25 " 23 3-5 "	E. C. Carter.	
10 "	*51 " 20 "	W. G. George.	52 " 38 2-5 "	W. D. Day.	
120-yard hurdle	16 "	C. N. Jackson, W. R. Pollock, C. F. Daft, S. Joyce, D. D. Bulger, G. Shaw.	*15 4-5 "	H. L. Williams, H. H. Morrell, W. H. Henry.	
220 "			*24 3-5 "	J. L. Bremer.	
1-mile walk	6 " 26 "	H. Curtis.	*6 " 29 3-4 "	F. P. Murray.	
3 "	21 " 28 "	H. Webster.	*21 " 9 1-5 "	"	
7 "	*52 " 28 2-5 "	H. Curtis.	54 " 7 "	E. E. Merrill.	
10 "	1 h. 19 " 27 4-5 "	"	*1 h. 17 " 40 3-4 "	"	
Running high jump	6 ft. 2 1-2 in.	M. J. Brooks.	*6 ft. 4 1-4 in.	M. F. Sweeney.	
Standing "	4 " 10 "	F. Hargreaves, E. Moore.	*5 " 3 1-4 "	A. P. Schwaner.	
Running broad jump	† 23 " 6 1-2 "	C. B. Fry.	*23 " 6 1-2 "	C. S. Reber.	
Standing "	10 " 5 "	J. J. Tickle.	*10 " 9 7-8 "	A. P. Schwaner.	
Running hop, step, and jump.	48 " 3 "	John Purcell.	48 " 6 "	E. B. Bloss.	
Pole vault	11 " 2 "	R. D. Dickenson.	*11 " 5 3-8 "	W. S. Rodenbaugh.	
16-lb. shot	44 " 10 1-2 "	[illegible] O'Brien.	*47 "	George R. Gray.	
" hammer	138 " 11 "	J. F. Kiely.	*145 3-4 "	J. S. Mitchell.	Handle, 4 ft.; 7-ft. circle.
56-lb. weight	29 " 1 "	G. M. Ross.	*35 " 9 1-4 "	"	7-foot circle.
1-mile bicycle	2 m. 4 1-5 s.	A. W. Harris.	*2 m. 2-5 s.	H. C. Tyler.	Safety.
2 "	4 " 20 "	"	*4 " 15 3-5 "	"	"
3 "	6 " 53 2-5 "	F. Pope.	*6 " 43 "	W. W. Windle.	"
4 "	9 " 14 2-5 "	J. W. Stocks.	*8 " 57 3-4 "	L. S. Meintjes.	"
5 "	11 " 33 1-5 "	F. Pope.	*11 " 9 3-4 "	"	"
10 "	23 " 20 "	J. W. Stocks.	*23 " 4 3-5 "	"	"
15 "	35 " 20 3-5 "	"	*34 " 37 "	"	"
25 "	59 " 6 4-5 "	"	*57 " 40 3-5 "	"	"
[illegible] "	*2 h. 5 " 45 4-5 "	"	2 h. 11 " 6 4-5 "	"	"
100 "	*5 " 12 " 2 "	E. Hale.	5 " 37 " 15 "	J.W. Linnemann.	Road record.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AMATEUR SWIMMING RECORDS.

Event.	English Performance.	English Holder.	American Performance.	American Holder.	
100 yards	1 " 4 1-2 "	J. H. Tyers.	1 " 12 2-5 "	A. T. Kenney.	Still water, 3 turns. Straightaway, still water.
220 "	2 " 45 3-4 "	W. Evans.	3 " 33 2-5 "	A. Meffert.	Salt water.
440 "	*6 " 16 2-5 "	J. Nuttall, J. H. Tyers.	7 " 20 "	A. T. Kenney.	Still water, 13 turns. Still water, 11 turns.
880 "	13 " 43 2-5 "	S. W. Greasley.	13 " 10 "	Dana Thompson.	Canal, 220-yd. course. Still water.
1 mile	*27 " 21 3-5 "	J. H. Tyers.	28 " 55 2-5 "	G. Whitaker.	Still water, 7 turns. Still water, 7 turns.

* World's record. † Measured unfairly.

necessary part of the boys' education; and a great and good work have they succeeded in accomplishing throughout the British Kingdom. Nor are the benefits restricted to mankind, for the women have not been neglected in the general movement. Swimming matches are held wherever there is water, and the average Englishman seems to be as much at home in that element as he is on land. The Swimming Association does not recognize professionalism, but the members of the water-polo teams, which are legion, are just about of the type that distinguishes general athletics.

These polo clubs hold a series of matches in the Northern, Midland, and Southern counties of England, which culminate in an English championship tournament, followed by international games with the teams of Scotland and Ireland. It is a rather unsavory lot one sees in this sport, from an amateur point of view, but it is a fine work that is being done for the English nation.

Altogether the athletic outlook of Great Britain, from a popular point of view, is immense; but from an amateur point of view it is discouraging, and the absorbing question just at present on the other side is whether the vexing problem could not be solved by permitting the discordant element to go its way rejoicing, while the few representative sportsmen's clubs withdraw from the Amateur Athletic Association to reorganize in the interest of honest amateur athletics.

IX.

CYCLING.

So far as the racing side of cycling is concerned, this article might be dismissed very briefly by dittoing the foregoing chapter on athletics.

The National Cyclists' Union of Great Britain, like unto our own League of American Wheelmen, lacks discernment, courage, and, to all appearances, sympathy with the better side of the sport, making a veritable mockery of their mission to keep it honest and healthful. Were the results not so serious, the legislative meetings of these two bodies would furnish the plot for a screaming farce—the perfunctory assemblies, the grave discussions over the amateur question, as though there were more than one definition of an amateur, the solemn consideration of pleas for reinstatement to the fold, the self-congratulations on none of the inner circle having broken the thirteenth commandment, and finally, after the greatest apparent labor, the tiny little mouse put forth by the mountain, and caught up again, once the lights are out, for future exploitation.

Oh! it's huge sport, I assure you. Like the story of the little boys throwing stones into the frog-pond, it is great fun for the boys, if death to the frogs.

One must go to England and see with his own eyes the rottenness of cycle-racing to appreciate just how merry a joke this Union perpetrated when it withheld A. A. Zimmerman's license last year. Not that Zimmerman's amateur status was above question, nor that the National Cyclists' Union loved him less, but its whitewashed amateurs more; it was the most delicious instance I have ever known of the pot calling the kettle black.

The Union began the year of '93 by passing a rule that all riders should be licensed, ostensibly for the sole purpose of protecting amateur bicycling from the invasions of the makers' amateurs, the men who are hired to ride by the manufacturer, and well paid for it. This was the beautiful bubble the Union floated before the dear public, but it was only another frolicsome gambol of the little trained mouse which popped into its cage once the exhibition was over. Not a single maker's amateur of any especial speed failed to secure his license, and one might almost believe it to have been a tidy little business scheme on the part of the Union to levy an assessment of 2*s*. 6*d*. *per capita*.

This license scheme has not purified English racing cycling; nobody who gave the subject careful consideration thought it would, any more than they believe the inconsistencies of class A and B will cleanse the track in America. Nothing short of a rigid adherence to the amateur definition that obtains in other branches of sport, and the election of officials who really know an amateur when they see one, will ever purify racing bicycling. There is no occasion to instance special cases of professionalism, they are patent to everybody—even the most indifferent on-looker, and sportsmen in England as in the United States are thoroughly disgusted with the existing condition of affairs.

The history of the National Cyclists' Union does not make very agreeable reading. It seems almost as though they had set to work to swell the numbers of their association regardless of the means to the end, or the status of the amateur. Founded in 1878, they immediately began to legislate for riders who previously had quite capably managed their own affairs, and had not the slightest desire to be ruled. That they were in touch with neither *bona fide* amateurs nor honest professionals is evidenced by the fact that out and out professional racing is dead, whereas it flourished, and that amateurs dropped out of the sport once the National Cyclists' Union had firmly established itself.

The latest departure of this body is the adoption of a series of rules somewhat similar to the Class A and Class B distinctions of our League of American Wheelmen, which follow:

> In the League of American Wheelmen, Class A is one "who shall not have engaged in nor assisted in nor taught cycling or any other recognized athletic exercise for money or other remuneration, nor knowingly competed with or against a professional for a prize of any description, or who, after having forfeited the amateur status, has had the same restored by unanimous vote of the National Assembly, L. A. W."
>
> "He forfeits his standing when he engages in cycling or other recognized athletic exercises, or personally teaches, trains, or coaches any person therein, either as a means of obtaining a livelihood or for a wager, money prize, or gate money; or if he competes with a professional or an amateur of Class B, or makes a pace for or has a pace made by such in public or for a prize; or if he accepts, directly or indirectly, for cycling, any remuneration, compensation, or expense whatsoever."
>
> Class B is one "who may be in the employ of, and have his travelling and training expenses paid by, a manufacturer of cycles, club, or other parties interested in cycling; but shall not compete for a cash or a divisible prize, nor realize upon any prize won by him, except that prizes may be exchanged or bartered, provided that in no case a cash bonus is received. He will not forfeit his status by teaching the elements of cycling, but he will cease to be a member by competing with a professional, or making pace for or having pace made for himself by such in public or

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> for a prize; by selling, pawning, or otherwise turning into cash, or in any manner realizing cash, upon any prize won by him, except that they may be exchanged or bartered, as provided above."

With the National Cyclists' Union, which has made three legislators of the Union into a professional licensing committee, the definition reads:

> "A professional is a rider engaged in connection with a ground or track as trainer, who is engaged by a manufacturer solely for the purpose of riding; or who acts as a paid pace-maker in record trials or pace races; or who takes parts in matches for stake bets with other riders. A cash-prize rider is one who races for cash prizes, and who may be connected with the trade, or riding the machines or goods of the firm he is engaged with in his races; being engaged partly but not solely for racing purposes."

Both these class distinctions of the League of American Wheelmen and the National Cyclists' Union are filled with absurd inconsistencies, but none equal to that of the English Union, which permits both classes of riders to meet in the same race.

In a diffuse attempt to excuse its position on this question the National Union befuddles itself in theorizing on the difference between the cash-prize rider and the professional, making preposterous statements, which, boiled down, mean simply that the manufacturer is prodding it into creating more business. It proclaims its object to be that of popularizing bicycling by raising up a new class of riders, professional only in name, but really amateurs not rich enough to race for anything but cash prizes. Another case of Coxeyism in sport; but the Union is nothing if not optimistic, as may be judged by the rhetorical gem in its prospectus, which tells us the scheme will prove "a workable and satisfactory system upon which to work." The National Cyclists' Union in its dual rôle of impresario and general popularizer of cycling, fathering both amateur and money-prize riders, is assuredly an imposing spectacle.

If professional riding was moribund before, it is certainly as dead as the proverbial door-nail now, since the Union will permit its riders to compete for money, protecting them by arbitrary rules against all challengers, unless the latter become dutiful subjects, paying tribute to that hocus-pocus of a licensing committee that guards the purity of cycling in England forsooth.

It is little else than a scheme, and a corrupt one at that, to absolutely control, and for no good purpose, racing cycling in Great Britain; protecting and whitewashing the cycle manufacturers' hirelings, who, but for the speed which enhances their advertising qualifications, would have been cast into outer darkness long since. They may now race for cash, and snap their fingers at the less favored riders who are not fast enough to be granted similar privileges.

So in America the League of American Wheelmen, finding itself unable or unwilling, or both, to put these riders in the professional ranks, where they belong, made Class B for their particular emolument, legalizing, in fact, that which they had not the courage or sportsmanship to penalize.

In all the long history of amateur sport, nothing has ever transpired of such a scandalous nature as the workings of these two bodies that pretend to govern racing cycling on both sides of the Atlantic.

It remains to be seen now how long the Amateur Athletic Association of Great Britain and the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States will play the rôle of accomplice; for that is precisely their position if this job-lot of "amateurs" is permitted to race at athletic meetings. If such were the case, then, indeed, might we as well give over all track cycling to the professional, and look only to the universities for honest racing. But I expect the best clubs in the A.A.A. and A.A.U. to reject Class B and its ilk, and a revulsion of feeling against the present wretched condition of cycling. I feel certain that both the Cyclists' Union and the L.A.W. have already passed their most prosperous days.

The first cycle races in England, I believe, were given in the Crystal Palace, in 1869, in conjunction with an exhibition of wheels, and both created general interest. The popular wave may be said to have been set in motion about '75, and the early meetings and the cycle championship were peacefully held under the auspices of the old Amateur Athletic Club.

From the hour the National Cyclists' Union came into the field, however, an era of strife, internal as well as external, was entered upon. At first the Union attempted to supervise all cycling in England from its headquarters, but the sport grew so widely that in '80 local centres were found necessary and formed, thereby relieving the Council of much labor. The Council is composed of members of affiliated clubs and the secretary and chairman of the various local centres. Each local centre is really a local union, banded with other local unions for the more thorough supervision of cycling.

In '85 war was declared between the National Cyclists' Union and the Amateur Athletic Association, and a vituperative and picturesque campaign entered upon that has been equalled in athletic history only by the battle royal between our Amateur Athletic Union and League of American Wheelmen a few years ago.

To view general wheeling in Great Britain is a much pleasanter picture, for England is a veritable home of cycling, with its splendid roads, its shady lanes, and its closely located little towns picturesquely nestled along the winding highways. What a country for the touring wheelman, with its historic associations, its fascinating and soothing rural beauty, its vigor-imparting climate! Here he may, indeed, gratify all the senses and exercise his muscles simultaneously in this garden spot of the Old World.

One fancies all England must be awheel; in London the tradespeople utilize the machine for the delivery of orders, and you may see the butcher's boy or the milkman scudding through the streets on the tricycle, while in the country the artisan, with tools strapped on his back, pedals his way to the scene of his daily labors.

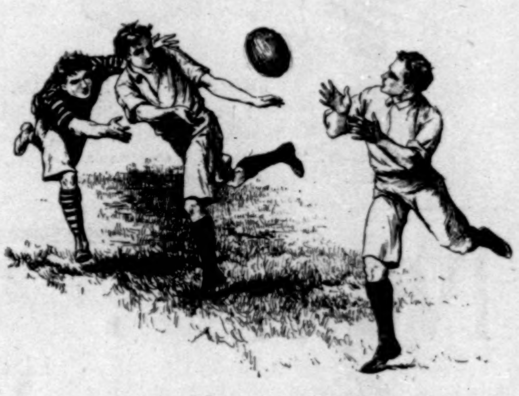
The Touring Club of England, formed in '78, has done a great deal in bringing about road improvement, which began in '86, while the sleepy little inns that were fast falling into decay from lack of patronage have been revivified by the thousands of touring cyclists that in season trail the kingdom from end to end. Indeed, if you pick up a hotel directory, you will find particular advertising and especial inducements offered for cyclists as a result of this Touring Club's influence. It publishes a complete touring directory for members, in which are given detailed road direction, the most desirable hotels, and the shops to patronize if you are unfortunate enough to break down; at all of these members of the club are given a reduced tariff, arranged for by the councils which are in residence throughout England.

The oldest club—the Pickwick B.C.—was formed in '70, the London B.C. being the next, in '74, and these, with members of the Surrey and Temple B. clubs, formed the National Union, but the sportsmen who gave it birth have long since withdrawn from active service.

Oxford and Cambridge had cycling from '74 to '85, but since the beginning of the present era of corruption they dropped out of it altogether, and the event is not now to be found on any of their athletic programmes.

The year of '93 in England, as with us, saw better tires, improved gearing, and consequently an advance of records. In fact, '93 was a year of pace-making records, for on both sides the ocean these racers lived about the track, ready to profit by the most favorable opportunity. Such records are, undoubtedly, of little real value, and it is an extremely difficult matter now to compile a bicycling table that shows genuine performances, the English Union having gone to the extreme of recently passing a rule allowing pace-makers in championships.

Racing cycling under present methods is going the way of all sport where professionals and dishonesty secure a foothold. Already the better elements have dropped out of it, and dissolution is only a question of time. These makers' hirelings, who are paid to keep in training, must of a necessity excel the men who ride because of the pleasure it affords them, and give but a percentage of their time to getting fit. One looks upon it as giving him exercise and recreation; the other, as a means of livelihood. With one it is sport; with the other it is business.



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